

**LIFEBOAT**

*Screenplay by*  
*Jo Swerling*

*with revisions: 9/16/43*

"L I F E B O A T"

Screenplay

by

Jo Swerling

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"LIFEBOAT"

SMOKESTACK OF A FREIGHTER. There is a large shell hole through it. The siren is screaming shrilly. A slight sea mist shrouds the whole picture. The MAIN TITLES DISSOLVE OVER THIS.

## 1 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

As the last title dissolves out we see water rising from the bottom of the screen. Finally the smokestack gives a lurch to one side, and as it disappears, the siren gives a final moan and dies suddenly. There is a gurgle of sizzling, bubbling water and the roar of sliding machinery and muffled explosions from inside the sinking ship.

CAMERA begins to PULL BACK and we reveal the swirling water above a newly sunken ship. We cannot see the horizon because of the mist.

CAMERA PULLS BACK farther and we see debris rising to the surface. CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN AROUND among it and we see the remains of a shattered lifeboat.

## 2 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Lifeboat shows that it has been smashed by shell fire. It rolls over on one side and starts to sink.

The CAMERA TRAVELS over the surface of the still bubbling water and begins to note other objects. A packing case rises to the surface and drifts right under the lens, so near that we are able to read the black ink markings on it, which indicate that they are Red Cross supplies for the American Army in the United Kingdom.

Other objects come into view and the CAMERA TRAVELS ALONG a pack of cards which is beginning to spread out on the surface. Nearby are one or two dollar bills and a few cigarettes. A wicker basket chair floats by, and then a New Yorker magazine, whose cover is gay and humorous. In contrast to the New Yorker, a baby's basket comes into view, blankets and pillow still inside. It is rocking from side to side, but in passing under the CAMERA, shows us that it is empty.

An orange case is rolling around on the surface. It breaks open and the fruit begins to spread over the surface of the sea. Some cabbages and leeks float by, accompanied by a few carrots. A wooden spoon or two floats past. The cook's galley has obviously disgorged some of its contents.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

A woman's hat, and some knitting, come into view.

We catch sight of a checker board and nearby a piece of sheet music with a Stephen Foster song title on it. A sailor's duffle bag is half open, and socks and suspenders hang from it, accompanied by a picture of a pin-up girl, who smiles up at us.

Finally the CAMERA MOVES AWAY into clear water and seems to go on quite a while, until it enters a smooth, black patch of oil, which remains absolutely solid. A life-belt appears.

3 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

The lifebelt - it supports a floating figure - a dead man, his face forward in the water, the back of his head is shaved and square - on the lifebelt we are able to read the stencilled identification of the German firm that manufactured the lifebelt.

The CAMERA PANS UP and surveys the whole of the distant debris, over which we have just traveled. Beyond it and in the distance through the mist there is one solitary and arresting thing, it is a lonely lifeboat, occupied by a single figure.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. SEA - LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

One solitary lifeboat drifting on the flat oil-covered ocean. There are pieces of wreckage, and all kinds of odds and ends floating around. There is still some fog.

As the lifeboat drifts nearer to us we see that in it sits a woman, one of the passengers of the torpedoed freighter: Mrs. Constance Porter -- Connie to her friends in New York, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Chungking and points East, North, West and South. Connie is crowding forty, but Helena Rubenstein and her own dauntless efforts have created a camouflage that makes her get away with thirty, when she's had a good night's sleep. Right now she might be thirty-two.

Her mink coat is Revillon Freres. Her suit is Hattie Carnegie. On the seat at her side is a de luxe model 16 mm movie camera. At her feet is a square alligator-skin case. She looks as if she has just stepped out of "21" rather than a torpedoed freighter. The lifeboat on the oil-covered sea might be a gondola in Venice. Not a strand of her beautifully coiffed hair seems to have been disturbed. From her purse, (by Mark Cross) she takes a gold cigarette case, (Tiffany) selects a cigarette, puts it into a silver cigarette holder, (Cartier) lights it with a jewelled lighter, (Dunhill).

5 INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

Her glance roves over the interior of the lifeboat, of which she is the sole passenger. We get a feeling of calm inventory. Here is a woman to whom being torpedoed is just another experience. There's neither fear nor hysteria in her eyes as she notes the damage done to the lifeboat - the wrecked compartments, the crushed first aid kit, miscellaneous junk scattered about. But suddenly her face takes on an expression of vexed irritation as she looks at:

6 INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER'S LEGS

Whatever Mrs. Porter's age, her legs are still eighteen. But the stocking on her right leg has a run in it. A sibilant sound comes over the SHOT - a whispered expletive from Mrs. Porter. It could be "Son-of-a-bitch!"

7 INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

From the expression on Mrs. Porter's face, as she regards the run in her stocking, it's apparent the rest of her supply of Nylons must have gone down with the freighter. Then with a shrug she lets her gaze wander out over the sea. And again she reacts, reaching instantly for the camera on the seat at her side. She makes a quick professional appraisal of the lighting and her hand goes to the lens for an adjustment to compensate for the slight fog.

8 INSERT: THE LENS MECHANISM

showing Mrs. Porter's hand making the proper adjustment for the lighting in dull weather.

9 BACK TO SHOT

Mrs. Porter focuses the camera, releases the lever and as we hear the hum of the camera operating:

10 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As seen from the lifeboat. Kovac, J., oiler, late of the engine crew of the freighter Frances Sweeney, is swimming toward us with easy, purposeful strokes. Except for his strictly Caucasian features, he could, at the moment, be quite naturally mistaken for a negro. Between the grease of the engine room and the slime of the oil through which he has been swimming, his face and powerful torso are quite black beneath the life jacket he is wearing. As he comes nearer to CAMERA he suddenly sees, floating ahead of him on the surface of the oily water, several playing cards and a twenty dollar bill.

## 11 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Kovac's hand lunges into the picture and makes a grab for the twenty dollar bill. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he resumes his swimming toward the lifeboat.

## 12 EXT. SEA AT LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Porter lowers the angle of her camera to take in the approaching swimmer. Kovac comes into SHOT and it is only when he has grabbed hold of the handle line scalloped over the edge of the lifeboat that she lowers the camera and puts it down on the seat beside her. Puffing like a porpoise, Kovac tries to hoist himself onto the boat. His oily hands slither on the edge of the boat and Mrs. Porter, somewhat reluctantly, has to come to his assistance. Gingerly, she reaches out her hand to help him, and he finally succeeds in plopping into the boat. Mrs. Porter stares at her hands, covered with oil from her contact with Kovac. She holds them at arm's length so as not to get any of the filth on her clothes, and looks about to see what she can do about it. She bends and ripples her hand in the water, but that doesn't help. The oil still sticks. She picks up her purse with the tips of her fingers, opens it and produces a hand-embroidered linen handkerchief. Ruthlessly she uses it as a towel. He looks longingly at the cigarette she's smoking. She gets out the cigarette case, selects a cigarette, leans over to place it in his mouth. She ignites the jeweled lighter and holds it for him.

## 13 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

Strangely contrasting figures -- she, peaches and cream, fragrant with "Echo Troublant;" he, filthy and smelling from oil and grease. Her observing eyes, however, are aware of the fact that Kovac is a fine figure of a man and probably, with the grime cleaned off, good looking, in an oaken way. As she holds the lighter he notices a beautiful diamond bracelet on her wrist.

KOVAC

Mm-n...Thanks.

An animal sigh of content as he puffs the smoke. He looks her over, his eyes puzzled. She's fumbling with the clasp of her bracelet, which seems to be loose.

KOVAC

Lady, you certainly don't look like somebody that's just been shipwrecked.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER

Man, I certainly feel like it. Look at my bracelet. The clasp's busted. There's a run in my stocking, and one of my fingernails is broken. I've never been so buffeted about in my life... I wonder what became of Charcoal.

KOVAC

Charcoal?

MRS. PORTER

The steward-man. Black as four a.m. in Pittsburgh, he was. He helped me into the lifeboat.

Kovac takes a look around at the splintered and battered insides of the boat.

KOVAC

I thought this lifeboat was abandoned.

MRS. PORTER

Not by me, it wasn't. It looked mighty good to me, hanging on the thing like a broken toy on a Christmas tree. The lifeboat over it had come down and smashed into it, but Charcoal said it would float, and that was good enough for me.

KOVAC

How'd he ever get it launched?

MRS. PORTER

I don't know. I was busy taking pictures. But he did, and he got me into it, and my typewriter and things, and safely away from the undertow when the ship went down. Then there was a cry from the fog, somebody calling for help, and over he went. You haven't seen anything of him, have you?

KOVAC

No.

MRS. PORTER

What part of the ship are you from?

KOVAC

Engine room. I was off duty -- in the washroom -- I was caught with my -- I was washing my hands when the torpedo smacked us. Most of the engine crew were trapped like rats. When I got to topside it was a shambles.

(CONTINUED)



13 (Cont. 1)

MRS. PORTER

Terrific, wasn't it? Reminded me of an air raid once that hit me in Chungking.

KOVAC

Reminded me of a slaughter house I once worked at in Chicago.

His lifebelt is now off and he flings it disgustedly in the bottom of the boat. He speaks with sudden bitterness.

KOVAC

Those Nazi buzzards! A tinfish ain't enough -- they've got to shell us, too.

Past them the weirdly assorted flotsam of the torpedoed freighter floats by. She suddenly reaches out and salvages something -- a tennis racquet.

MRS. PORTER

Now I can perfect my backhand.

She makes a practice swing, then notices something else floating by and calls out to Kovac, pointing.

MRS. PORTER

Get that -- it might come in handy.

He reaches out and pulls in a wicker armchair. As he does this she sees something else that interests her and bends to pick it up. It's a military hat of some sort. As she looks at it:

KOVAC

(harshly)

What are we worrying about this junk for? We'd better look around for some of the others before that U-boat surfaces again and sees us.

MRS. PORTER

She won't surface, one of our shells got her.

KOVAC

Are you sure?

MRS. PORTER

She was killed dead, darling.

KOVAC

Did you see it?

(CONTINUED)



13 (Cont. 2)

MRS. PORTER

I not only saw it, I photographed it.

He stares at her, then his eyes go to the movie camera. He lifts his hand and points at her, almost as if making an accusation.

KOVAC

You're Constance Porter. I heard you were aboard... so you took pictures, huh?

MRS. PORTER

Nothing else but. Priceless stuff. I caught some wonderful shots on deck.  
(rapturously)

A little bunch of people around one of the lifeboats -- they looked kind of slow and fat and heavy with their lifebelts on and terribly lonesome, darling, and then a shell hit the lifeboat and they all jumped overboard. I got a beautiful shot of the gun crew firing at the submarine -- but the best of all was when I was in the lifeboat with Charcoal. I got the freighter going down, and one of the lifeboats caught in the suction and pulled under. I got some of the U-boat crew jumping overboard, and I -- Look! There's a lovely touch!

He follows her gaze to:

14 EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

A section of wreckage from the freighter, featuring a baby bottle, half-full of milk, with nipple attached.

15 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

She lets fall the military cap and reaches for her camera but before she has a chance to use it Kovac reaches out with the tennis racquet and savagely strikes at the milk bottle.

16 EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The milk from the broken bottle whitens a tiny area about it, then is blended with the sea.

17 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

MRS. PORTER

(resentfully)

What did you do that for?

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

KOVAC

Why didn't you wait for the baby to float by and photograph that?

As she stares at him, enraged, a sound drifts in out of the mist. They listen and the faint cry for help is repeated. Mrs. Porter instantly raises her camera.

KOVAC

Gangway!

As he moves past her to reach for the steering oar, he accidentally hits the camera and knocks it out of her hand. It falls into the sea and is lost. Her face contorted, she turns on Kovac who is working the oar.

MRS. PORTER

(a scream of rage)

You stupid, clumsy, son-of-a --

A lurch of the lifeboat, as Kovac swings it around, sends her down sharp on her backside at the bottom of the lifeboat, her Nylon-clad legs (with one run) into the air.

18 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE (MOVING) SHOT

Kovac, sculling with the steering oar, as Mrs. Porter continues from her undignified position.

MRS. PORTER

(almost hysterical with rage)

Why didn't you look where you were going? Absolutely irreplaceable stuff, priceless, the best film I ever took -- and it goes to the bottom of the sea!

KOVAC

(grunting)

That's better than going there yourself.

19 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Porter picks herself up as the swimmer comes into view. Kovac shifts the oar and leans over the side to give the newcomer a hand. Mrs. Porter instinctively shrinks back from the rescued man to avoid getting any of the oil slick on her mink coat. The newcomer is Stanley Garrett, second radio operator of the Frances Sweeney. He is dressed in a dark blue uniform. He has on a life jacket. Like Kovac, he's pretty well camouflaged by the coating of oil that covers his face. Later on, when he's cleaned up a bit, we'll discover that he's young - about twenty-six - and rather good-looking. He lies panting in the bottom of the boat.

20 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

Mrs. Porter's chief concern is still with her precious lost camera.

MRS. PORTER

I wouldn't have parted with that film for a million dollars. When will I have another chance to get stuff like that? Of all the --

KOVAC

Shut up!

(to Stanley)

Sparks, did you have time to send out an SOS?

STANLEY

Hardly. The first shell from the U-boat got the radio shack.

(he half lifts himself up)

Keep going, Kovac, there's some more people out there.

He points. Kovac starts using the steering oar again to manipulate the boat in that direction. As he does this Stanley sees the military cap, fished out of the sea by Mrs. Porter, and reaches for it. As he stares at it:

21 INSERT - THE MILITARY CAP

On the visor is the insignia of the Army Red Cross Service

22 BACK TO SHOT

STANLEY

Where'd this come from?

MRS. PORTER

It was floating by.

Stanley clambers to his feet, then suddenly calls out into the mist:

STANLEY

Miss Mackenzie! Miss Mackenzie!

He listens and presently a faint answering call comes back. Stanley picks his way over to where Kovac is working the steering oar, and grabs hold of it, helping Kovac to row. There's a look of joy and relief in his eyes.

STANLEY

She's out there! --She's alive!

He pushes Kovac out of the way in his frantic haste to reach the source of the call for help.

KOVAC

(peering into the mist)

There they are!

Stanley backs water with all his might and works the steering oar to swing around to:

23

EXT. SEA - FROM LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI LONG SHOT

Half-submerged, three people - two men and a girl - are clinging to a raft. As we get CLOSER to them we see they all have life belts. They are Charles Rittenhouse, an American industrialist; Gus Smith, a sailor, and Lieutenant Alice Mackenzie, a Red Cross nurse. Rittenhouse wears a business suit. Gus has a peajacket over his sweater and Alice is in uniform. The oil on their faces prevents us from getting any idea of what they look like.

Later we'll discover that Rittenhouse is about fifty, the sort of one hundred and ten percent American that would make an admirable model for Norman Rockwell or the late Grant Wood. Strictly American Gothic.

Gus Smith is American too, but more than that, he's Brooklyn, and more than that, he's Eastpoint. He's about thirty, short, squat, heavy-built.

Alice Mackenzie, about twenty-four, looks like the wrath of God just now, but when she's cleaned up, she'll not be at all hard to look at. She's American too -- more essentially American than either Rittenhouse or Smith; as truly representative of America as Stanley Garrett is truly representative of Britain.

24

EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

It has reached the raft and the three people hanging onto the raft reach for the ropes on the lifeboat. Gus's face pops up over the gunwale of the lifeboat and the first thing he reacts to is the sight of Mrs. Porter.

GUS

A dame!

Alice's first reaction is to the sight of Stanley.

ALICE

Stanley!

Rittenhouse's first remark is much more practical.

RITTENHOUSE

Give us a hand, somebody!

As Stanley reaches over to help Alice:

ALICE

Never mind me -- get him --  
(she indicates Gus)  
He's hurt.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

Kovac is helping Rittenhouse into the boat as Stanley helps Gus. Mrs. Porter, rather gingerly, lends a hand to Alice. As Gus is helped into the boat we see that part of his right trouser has been blown away and there's a deep gash in his leg. Once safe in the lifeboat Rittenhouse and Gus speak almost simultaneously.

RITTENHOUSE

Well folks, we're in business again.

GUS

Anybody got any liquor?

Rittenhouse is fumbling with his lifebelt, trying to get it off.

MRS. PORTER

Ritt, you old rat!

Rittenhouse gapes, then smiles broadly.

RITTENHOUSE

Connie!

(he stares at her  
in astonishment)

Did you come from the freighter or  
the Stork Club?

MRS. PORTER

So you finally hit oil, eh, Ritt?

Meanwhile Alice, Stanley and Kovac have grouped about Gus. Alice is examining his wounded leg. The men are helping Gus off with his life jacket.

GUS

I'm all right, Sparks. What happened  
to Nolan?

STANLEY

I was on my way from the bridge to  
bring him our position when a shell  
from the U-boat smashed the radio room.

GUS

I was at the wheel, waiting for Hennessy  
to relieve me, all set to mugg up with  
some hot java --

He suddenly becomes aware of the smashed-up condition of  
the lifeboat.

GUS

Holy gee! Look at this mess!

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.1)

Rittenhouse glances over the wreckage.

RITTENHOUSE

(worried)

You think we can stay afloat?

KOVAC

If the buoyancy tanks are okay she'll float, even if she's water-logged.

He starts to examine the buoyancy tanks. During this Rittenhouse, with some difficulty, has been trying to get out of his life jacket. He still keeps staring at Mrs. Porter, her fur coat, her alligator-skin case, her steamer blanket draped beside it.

RITTENHOUSE

I see you've even managed to get some of your luggage aboard.

MRS. PORTER

A few things.

RITTENHOUSE

Where's the electric hair drier?

MRS. PORTER

(blandly)

In the case.

From under the life jacket he pulls out a cigar box and opens it. The box is full of water -- and one long obeso cigar.

RITTENHOUSE

Six boxes and I had to grab this one!

MRS. PORTER

Don't cry, lamb, it's big enough to last till we're picked up.

RITTENHOUSE

Good old cellophane!

He rips the cellophane jacket off the cigar, bites the end of it off and sticks the cigar in his mouth. During the above, in the group around Gus:

STANLEY

The first shall must've done for the Skipper.

KOVAC

And most of the sky gun crew.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont. 2)

STANLEY

What happened to the woman with the baby?

ALICE

See if you can find a first aid kit.

Stanley starts to look for one. During this:

RITTENHOUSE

(to Mrs. Porter)

I thought everybody was killed. I never expected to see you alive.

MRS. PORTER

I'm practically immortal, darling. I've got nine lives and I've only used up three or four.

RITTENHOUSE

I thought I was done for. We were playing poker in the saloon --

He still has difficulty getting out of his life jacket and calls out irritably:

RITTENHOUSE

How do you get this thing off?

Kovac turns to help him.

RITTENHOUSE

It was the biggest pot in the game, and I won it.

Back of them Stanley comes up with the remains of the first aid kit.

STANLEY

Here's the kit -- it's been pretty well smashed.

Alice takes it from him and sets it down, then looks up in quick inventory of the lifeboat and its occupants. She spots the folded steamer blanket which lies beside Mrs. Porter's alligator-skin case.

ALICE

Let me have the blanket, please.

Kovac reaches for Mrs. Porter's steamer blanket and tosses it to Stanley, who hands it to Alice.

(CONTINUED)



24 (Cont.5)

MRS. PORTER

(glares at Kovac)

Well!

(a little bitterly)

Share and share alike, I always say.

RITTENHOUSE

And just as I laid down my hand --  
three queens and a pair of aces --  
the torpedo hit us.

Behind them Alice folds the blanket into a pillow and  
places it back of Gus's head.

ALICE

Lie down, please.

GUS

What for?

ALICE

You'll be more comfortable. I want  
to take a look at your leg.

GUS

(leering)

Sure, Babe - an' maybe sometime you'll  
let me return the compliment.

Without any reaction to this, Alice shoves him gently  
back and goes to work on his leg.

GUS

I think it's got a hunk of slug in it.

During this:

RITTENHOUSE

The biggest pot of the game, but  
believe you me, I never even stopped  
to collect. The pot went to Davy  
Jones.

KOVAC

Not all of it.

He takes from his pocket the slimy greenback he found in  
the sea and shows it.

KOVAC

Here's twenty bucks Mr. Jones didn't  
get.

He offers it to Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE

It's yours.

KOVAC

It was floating in the water --

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont. 4)

RITTENHOUSE

Salvage. Perfectly legitimate. I  
insist... Are you one of the crew, Son?

KOVAC

Engine crew. Oiler. The name's Kovac.

RITTENHOUSE

Rittenhouse.  
(extends his hand)

KOVAC

Glad to --  
(reaction)  
Rittenhouse?

Rittenhouse smiles, obviously pleased at Kovac's awareness  
of his identity.

RITTENHOUSE

(jovially)  
That's right.

KOVAC

C. J. Rittenhouse?

Rittenhouse's expression can only be described as demure.  
The great man is accustomed to such homage.

RITTENHOUSE

C. J. Rittenhouse.

MRS. PORTER

Junior.

KOVAC

Here -

He thrusts the twenty dollar bill into Rittenhouse's hand,  
and exits toward Gus.

25 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP (REVERSE ANGLE)

Gus's hurt leg has been stretched out and Stanley is hold-  
ing it up while Alice works at it. Kovac comes over and  
watches. In the background, Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter  
continue their conversation, ad lib.

ALICE

(to Stanley)

You're sure there's no sulfanilimide  
left in the kit?

STANLEY

Not any.

Gus suddenly winces.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

ALICE

Hurt?

GUS

Nah!

She hands him a piece of metal she has got out of the gash in his leg.

ALICE

Here's the shrapnel. You might like to keep it as a souvenir.

GUS

Nah!

(he flings it  
overboard)

My hide was full o' that stuff on the last trip.

Alice starts to bandage the leg.

GUS

(to Stanley)

I oughta have my head examined. This's the fourth time I've shipped out since the war, an' I got no place yet.

(wistfully)

Gee - I wished I could make the round trip onces.

KOVAC

(to Alice)

How does it look?

(his eyes are  
on Gus's wound)

ALICE

(dubiously)

Pretty deep cut.

GUS

(to Alice)

It's leaking. I'm not gonna be stuck with a gimpy leg, am I?

STANLEY

Not enough to interfere with your jitterbugging.

ALICE

(smiles up at Gus)

Jive, huh?

GUS

Tell her, Sparks.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

They tell me he's the champion  
hooper of the Merchant Marine.

GUS

(to Kovac)

Tell her what I done in Jersey  
City. Listen, I copped two prizes  
at Roseland one year while all the  
time I'm sufferin' somethin' terri-  
ble from double pneumonia. Say, I  
can jive figure eights around any  
of them cats -- even with a bum gam.

Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter come into the SHOT.

RITTENHOUSE

(chewing on the  
end of his cigar)

Everything under control? Any-  
thing I can do?

GUS

Maybe you got a little liquid  
refreshment on you somewhere?

RITTENHOUSE

Sorry, son, not a drop.

MRS. PORTER

(reluctantly)

I have some brandy, darling.

GUS

(his eyes lighting up)  
I would sure enjoy to gargle a  
little of that.

MRS. PORTER

I'll get my flask.

ALICE

No, in a case like this the rule  
is --

GUS

Ah, come on, we're among friends.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont. 2)

Alice  
(to Mrs. Porter,  
shaking her head)  
I don't think it's advisable.

Gus  
(begging)  
Just one slug. It'll pick me up --

Mrs. Porter  
Make up your minds, darlings.

The argument is interrupted by a distant shout, thinned by the fog. Gus, the brandy, everything else is forgotten for the moment, as Kovac springs into action, taking his place at the oars. Stanley moves to the seat with him and takes one of the oars to help him row. The others all look off in the direction of the sound, peering through the fog which has now approached the pea-soup stage. Mrs. Porter peers into the mist and cries:

Mrs. Porter  
It's Charcoal!

26 EXT. SEA (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Joe, the negro assistant steward of the freighter, supported by a life jacket, is in the water. With one hand he's holding onto the hair of a Mrs. Higgins, one of the passengers of the freighter. With the other, he manages to hold a baby over his shoulder, to keep it above the surface of the water. Neither the woman nor the baby has a life jacket on. The baby is inert in Joe's arm -- either dead or unconscious. The eyes of the woman are closed; we can't tell whether she's alive or not. The faces of all three are covered with oil slick.

27 EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The lifeboat comes nearer to them. Alice leans forward to take the baby from Joe's arm. Kovac reaches for Joe. Rittenhouse grabs hold of the woman. Mrs. Porter stands watching.

28 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Joe, exhausted, is slumped against the side of the boat. Alice has commandeered the blanket from under Gus's head and already has the baby wrapped up in it, preparing to go through the necessary steps of resuscitation. On one of the seats Rittenhouse has hold of Mrs. Higgins.

29 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Efficiently and tirelessly, Alice is working to get the baby to breathe again; slapping it, pumping its little arms and legs, trying everything she has learned. Finally she puts her mouth against the mouth of the child, holding its nose as she blows into its lungs.

30 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - THREE SHOT - KOVAC, STANLEY AND JOE  
Joe has recovered his breath and is sitting up, looking offscene.

JOE

She kept fighting me all the time in the water. She wanted to drown the baby and herself with it.

Stanley and Kovac follow his gaze to:

31 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. HIGGINS

Her hair is down, her eyes are still closed. Rittenhouse is rubbing her hands with stupid but well-intentioned violence.

RITTENHOUSE

It's all right, sister -- you're safe. The baby's safe. It's all right.

The woman opens her eyes, looks at him blankly, moaning.

32 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

As she watches, we get the feeling she's making a mental note of everything for the book (first person singular) which she will write some day about this experience. The thickening fog has brought with it a cold wind. Mrs. Porter shivers and drapes the collar of her mink coat closer about her neck. The voice of Rittenhouse drifts over this SHOT in a monotonous litany.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

The danger's over -- you're safe now.  
There's nothing to worry about.

Mrs. Porter looks toward:

33 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE AND BABY

Alice has stopped working on the child. Quietly she wraps the blanket round it a little tighter, lays it down on the thwart beside her. For one second she raises her eyes, with almost no expression. The baby is dead.

34 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

The slightest frown creases Mrs. Porter's forehead. She looks over toward:

35 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. HIGGINS

Rittenhouse is looking horrified in the direction of the dead baby. He relaxes his hold of the woman. The woman's eyes wander vaguely round the boat. Suddenly she comes to life and before Rittenhouse is aware of her move, she has rushed out of scene.

36 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The woman makes a grab for the baby and before anyone can stop her, she has torn the front of her dress open and is holding the child to her breast. She talks to it, trying to cover its head under her own wet clothes.

37 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS AND BABY

She is muzzling the child against her breast, trying to get it to suck. She looks around vaguely - her eyes stary and the whites showing all round.

38 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE GROUP SHOT - FEATURING STANLEY

- and including Gus, Rittenhouse, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Joe and Alice: They don't want to look, but can't help being drawn to the awful sight.

STANLEY

Her name's Higgins. Her home was in Coventry. She was one of a batch of shell-shock cases sent to America. Her baby was born in New York.

39 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS AND BABY

STANLEY'S VOICE

Her husband was at Dunkirk. He lost sight of both eyes. She said to me on the ship: "I'm going home to show him the baby."

Mrs. Porter comes into the shot. She has taken off her fur coat.

MRS. PORTER

(very casually)

Here, darling, better put this over you.

Gently she drapes the fur coat around Mrs. Higgins.

40 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

Gus, who is staring ahead, breaks the silence.

GUS

Hey, look! -- another customer!

They all turn and look to the side of the boat.



41

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) -- CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Two hands are clinging to the side of the boat. Kovac and Rittenhouse rush into shot and grab them. They start to lift a man over the side. His head is slumped sideways. He plomps into the bottom of the boat, face downwards for a moment, exhausted. His attire does not identify him as either a passenger or a crew member of the freighter. It consists of dark blue trousers of rough cloth and dark blue shirt.

42

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP --

Directly grouped around the man are Stanley, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Gus, (seated) Joe and Rittenhouse. Alice stands near Mrs. Higgins and the baby. They all are looking down at the man fished from the sea. He lifts his head and turns it to look up at those around him. Streaked though it is with oil, there's no doubting the man's nationality. And if there's any doubt, it's dispelled at once when he speaks.

THE MAN

Danke -----

The word has an electrifying effect on them. They look at each other.

THE MAN

Danke schoen.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

43 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He is seated now on the wicker chair salvaged from the wreckage of the freighter; like the defendant in a murder case. He has recovered his breath and speaks calmly.

THE GERMAN

Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar. Sie  
haben mein Leben gerettet.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to take in the others. Mrs. Porter, Rittenhouse, Kovac, Joe, Stanley and Gus face the German. Apparently he is addressing his remarks to Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Higgins, removed from the group, with Mrs. Porter's fur coat about her, is preoccupied with the baby, holding it close, looking at it. Alice sits by her. For the moment the others have forgotten about Mrs. Higgins.

THE GERMAN

Es tut mir leid, dass wir Ihr Schiff  
versenken mussten.

The others look at Mrs. Porter, who apparently the only one of them who speaks German, now translates.

MRS. PORTER

He's very grateful to us for saving  
his life, and regrets very much the  
U-boat was compelled to sink our ship.

KOVAC

(grimly)

Ask him why they shelled our lifeboats.

MRS. PORTER

Warum schiessen sie auf Rettungsboote?

THE GERMAN

Befehl des Kapitaens.

MRS. PORTER

Those were the captain's orders.

STANLEY

If you ask me, he's the captain  
himself.

RITTENHOUSE

What makes you think so?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

STANLEY

I saw a Nazi submarine skipper in Liverpool once. He was a prisoner and he wore much the same sort of rig as this man.

GUS

Sure, that's why he slipped his coat off -- to make us think he was a crew member.

RITTENHOUSE

(to Mrs. Porter)

Ask him if he's the captain.

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

Sind Sie der Kapitän des U-boots?

THE GERMAN

(shakes his head)

Nein. Ich bin nur ein Mann - der Besatzung -- Kein Offizier.

MRS. PORTER

He denies he's a captain or officer. He's just a crew member.

KOVAC

Crew member or skipper -- he's German! That's what I can't stomach!

GUS

(rather mildly)

A guy can't help being a German if he's born a German, can he?

KOVAC

(fiercely)

Neither can a rattlesnake help being a rattlesnake if he's born a rattlesnake -- that don't make him a nightingale.

(savagely)

Get him out of here!

The German's light blue eyes dart from one face to the other in the group about him, searching, appraising, sizing up.

MRS. PORTER

Don't be silly, darling - he can't very well get off in the middle of the ocean, can he?

KOVAC

Throw him off.

43 (Cont. 1)

RITTENHOUSE

Have you gone out of your mind?

KOVAC

Throw the Nazi buzzard overboard!

RITTENHOUSE

It's out of the question -- it's against the law.

KOVAC

Whose law? We're on our own here.  
We can make our own law.

MRS. PORTER

Now, wait. This man was acting under orders. The freighter was an enemy ship. After all, we're at war --

Kovac looks at her, then points at Mrs. Higgins who seems to be totally oblivious to what's going on.

KOVAC

Is that woman at war? Is her baby at war?

The German, who has been listening, suddenly makes a gesture of inquiry to Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN

Was ist dem los?

MRS. PORTER

Ach, der Mann ist aufgeregt - er wird sehr schnell boese.

THE GERMAN

Ach --- ?

(smiles at Mrs. Porter)

Sie sprechen sehr gut deutsch Haben Sie... Beziehungen in Deutschland?

MRS. PORTER

Nicht dass ich wuerste.

KOVAC

(suspiciously)

What did he say?

MRS. PORTER

He says I speak his language well.  
He asked if I had any German connections.

KOVAC

Have you?

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.2)

MRS. PORTER  
(flaring up)  
Certainly not!

KOVAC  
Then how come you know the lingo so well? And how come when I climbed into this lifeboat, you were the only one in it?--all dressed up like you knew you were going some place?

MRS. PORTER  
Because I was going some place. I was going into a lifeboat.

Kovac looks down at the alligator-skin case.

KOVAC  
You certainly didn't forget to bring plenty of luggage along.

MRS. PORTER  
Luggage?  
(her voice goes ragged with exasperation)  
You silly, ridiculous ass! I had two trunks aboard that freighter. I just grabbed my case because it has my typewriter, my makeup and my jewelry in it.

KOVAC  
What about the camera? It's against the law to bring a camera aboard.

MRS. PORTER  
I got special permission. As an accredited war correspondent, I --  
(she breaks off)  
What is this? Are you insinuating -

KOVAC  
You seem to be pretty anxious to stand up for your friend, here.

MRS. PORTER  
(shrill with rage)  
What do you mean, my friend?

RITTENHOUSE  
(breaking in)  
Wait a minute! Wait a minute!  
Let's keep our shirts on.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.3)

KOVAC  
I haven't got a shirt.  
(glares at  
Mrs. Porter)  
Or a mink coat, either.

She glares back at him with interest. A dawning look of comprehension creeps into her eyes.

MRS. PORTER  
I get it. A fellow traveler! I  
thought the Comintern was dissolved.

RITTENHOUSE  
(again interrupting)  
Now, children!

He assumes his best board of arbitration manner; firm entreaty. He takes the cigar out of his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE  
We're all sort of fellow travelers here, in a mighty small boat on a mighty big ocean. And the more we quarrel and criticize and misunderstand each other, the bigger the ocean gets and the smaller the boat.

KOVAC  
The boat's too small right now for me and that German.

RITTENHOUSE  
Now look - I'm perfectly willing to leave it to the decision of the majority. That's the American way.

44 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE  
If we harm this man in any way, we're guilty of the same tactics you hate him for. On the other hand, if we treat him with decency and consideration, we might convert him to our way of thinking.

45 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE  
That's the Christian way.

KOVAC  
Okay. Now, me, I'm American, too. I was born right in Chicago. But my people are from Czechoslovakia.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

He turns to the German and almost spits the name in his face.

KOVAC

Did you ever hear of that place?

The German's face is inscrutable. Kovac turns to the others.

KOVAC

I say, throw him overboard -- and then stick around and watch him drown. And when he goes down, I'll dance a jig like Hitler did when France went down.

GUS

Me, too.

Now they all look at him.

46 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

GUS

First of all, for the record, I'm an American, too. But I'm in a kind of a spot. My name is Schmidt, but I changed it to Smith.

47 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

GUS

That's what I got against these guys more than anything else. They make me ashamed o' the name I was born with. I got a lot o' relatives in Germany. For all I know this guy might be one o' them.

He looks at the German and delivers his verdict harshly:

GUS

I say chuck 'im to the sharks!

In the silence that follows, Rittenhouse turns to Stanley.

RITTENHOUSE

Sparks, do you --

STANLEY

(diffidently)

Well, I hardly know what to say. The man's a prisoner of war, isn't he?

MRS. PORTER

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)



47 (Cont.)

STANLEY

Well then, the way it's done -- he should be held till we're picked up, it seems to me, and then turned over to the proper authorities.

(to Alice)

Don't you think so, Miss Mackenzie?

ALICE

(almost indifferently)

I don't understand any of it.

(her eyes are on

Mrs. Higgins)

I don't understand people hurting each other or killing each other.

KOVAC

Then why'd you join up?

ALICE

(turning)

I'm doing the only thing I can -- trying to put them together again when they get hurt. As far as the German's concerned I --

(she hesitates)

I agree with Stanley.

MRS. PORTER

So do I. I'll talk to the man -- perhaps I can get some information from him --

KOVAC

(scornfully)

Material for your book?

MRS. PORTER

(blithely)

Incidentally.

Rittenhouse looks toward Joe. Around his neck, on a string, is a small flute. Somewhere he's found a bit of cotton waste and is polishing the flute with it.

RITTENHOUSE

George?

KOVAC

What about you, Joe.

JOE

(looks up)

Do I get to vote, too?

We don't know whether it's sarcasm or genuine surprise.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.1)

RITTENHOUSE

(taken aback)

Why, yes, certainly.

JOE

I guess I'd rather stay out of this.

He resumes the polishing of his flute. Rittenhouse looks toward Mrs. Higgins, the only one who hasn't voted.

RITTENHOUSE

How about you, sister?

CAMERA SWINGS to a CLOSER ANGLE around Mrs. Higgins. There's no answer from her. The emptiness in her face is dreadful.

MRS. HIGGINS

(casually)

My baby's dead.

Her eyes close again and she sways uncertainly. Her arms, which are holding the dead baby, relax, and the bundle begins to fall to the bottom of the boat. There's a spontaneous movement on the part of those around her to catch the falling baby. The German being nearest, gets it first. He and the others are instantly conscious of the irony as they straighten themselves. The situation causes the German to hold the bundle rather helplessly. Suddenly Mrs. Higgins, opening her eyes, flings herself upon him, striking and clawing at the German's face and body. In her insane fury, her blows fall alike on the German and the dead baby. Kovac lunges forward and grabs her, yanking her away from the German, who stands bewildered, still holding the dead baby. The woman struggles in Kovac's arms. She grabs the baby away from the German. They force her back to the thwart.

48 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Staring at the woman. The crazy moans of the mother come over the SHOT.

49 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS

- rocking the dead baby in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 50 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Rittenhouse, chewing his cigar, is watching the other men who, with the exception of Gus (unable to do anything on account of his wounded leg) are busying themselves in various activities. Kovac is fussing around with the mast going through the preliminary business of repairing it. Joe and Stanley are clearing the boat of refuse and wreckage. Rittenhouse, like a padrone, is doing nothing but getting into everybody's way. Mrs. Higgins lies in the bow of the boat with her dead baby in her arms, a ghastly figure in Mrs. Porter's mink coat. The woman's eyes are closed, but she isn't asleep. She turns fitfully, muttering incoherent words. Alice and Mrs. Porter are near her, watching her. The German sits isolated from the rest, in a sort of moral quarantine. As he works at the mast, Kovac keeps looking at the German with an expression of murderous hatred in his eyes. The oblique light of the setting sun falls across the faces of the people in the boat, creating an effect of almost silhouette. Presently Mrs. Higgins' moaning ceases and she lies still. Alice bends to look at her, then speaks in a low voice.

ALICE

She's asleep.

They all look toward the woman to verify this, then look at each other. There's a general feeling of indecision.

ALICE

Somebody get some cord and some sort of weight.

Stanley, Kovac and Joe move to obey this order.

## 51 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS

She has the dead child clutched tightly to her bosom, as Alice bends over her and gently takes the little bundle, still wrapped in Mrs. Porter's steamer blanket. As Alice moves out of SHOT:

## 52 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Watching, as:

## 53 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Featuring Alice, who has put the baby on one of the seats and is wrapping the blanket tightly about it. Kovac, Stanley and Joe help her put the cord around the blanket and tie the weight to the bundle. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY from face to face, showing the reactions of the various people in the group as the pathetic little bundle is being readied for the sea. During this:

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

ALICE

Does anybody know the service for  
burial at sea?

Nobody answers.

RITTENHOUSE

I suppose any prayer --  
(he thinks a moment,  
takes the cigar out of  
his mouth, then resumes)  
The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not  
want. He maketh me to lie down in  
green pastures - Ho - He -

Rittenhouse has forgotten the rest of the words. Joe  
picks them up.

JOE

Leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul.

54 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

JOE'S VOICE

He leadeth me in the paths of righteous-  
ness for His name's sake.

55 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The sun is sinking below the rim of the horizon. The sea  
is darkening. The people in the boat are now pure sil-  
houette.

JOE

Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death, I will fear  
no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy  
rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

56 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS

JOE'S VOICE

Surely, goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life  
and I will dwell in the house of the  
Lord forever.

In her sleep, for the first time, Mrs. Higgins' face is  
peaceful. We hear a small splash.

57 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - MED. SHOT - GROUP

The group of profiles looking down as the prayer finishes.  
The figure of Kovac straightens from his task of lowering  
the body of the baby into the sea. The light seems to fade  
leaving them in silhouette.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 EXT. SKY - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

The moon is just emerging from behind a cloud formation.

59 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The shadow of the obscured moon is lifted from their faces as the moonlight brings them into clear focus. Rittenhouse seems to have more or less assumed command of the lifeboat and is giving out with instructions.

RITTENHOUSE

At any rate we're shipshape. None of the buoyancy tanks have been smashed, the water breaker's been taped up, in the morning we'll rig up the sail and get going. Kovac, don't forget to wake me up for my watch. Sparks -

He stops, arrested by a motion of Mrs. Higgins who starts squirming into a sitting position. Mrs. Porter addresses her in as casual a voice as possible.

MRS. PORTER

How do you feel, darling?

MRS. HIGGINS

Better, thank you. Much better.  
Have I been asleep long?

She becomes aware suddenly, of the mink coat she's wearing, and stares at it, puzzled. She runs her fingers over the fur.

MRS. HIGGINS

What's this?

ALICE

Mrs. Porter lent you her coat to help you keep warm.

MRS. HIGGINS

It's a beautiful coat. Is it real mink?

MRS. PORTER

I hope so.

MRS. HIGGINS

It's lovely. I've always admired mink. It's the most ladylike fur there is, I always said. So warm and comfortable. Thank you so much for letting me wear it.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

She has been stroking one of the sleeves and now, suddenly, she becomes aware of the fact that she no longer holds a baby in her arms.

MRS. HIGGINS

Where's Johnny?

Nobody answers. The expression on her face changes. She gets to her feet.

MRS. HIGGINS

(wildly)

Where's my baby?

She looks past the group facing her, toward the German at the other end of the boat, and starts forward. Alice tries to intercept her but she pushes by.

MRS. HIGGINS

(to the German)

What did you do with him? What did you do with my baby?

Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter get in her way and grab her. She looks at them, an awful despair in her eyes. She speaks past them at the German.

MRS. HIGGINS

You killed him, didn't you?

She looks toward the moonlit water and her face contorts, her voice goes ragged with pain.

MRS. HIGGINS

Poor little thing, and the sea so big and terrible --

Suddenly she breaks loose and leaps to throw herself overboard. Kovac and Stanley grab her.

MRS. HIGGINS

(moaning)

Let me go with him!

It requires all the strength of the two men to hold her back.

KOVAC

Get a rope, somebody. We've got to tie her up.

Joe scrambles for a length of rope, hands it to Kovac, who starts to bind her.

896

60 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (ANOTHER  
ANGLE)

Mrs. Higgins' arms pinioned by the rope, is being half  
led, half carried, to the bow of the boat by Kovac and  
Stanley. They force her down into the wicker chair and  
proceed to tie her to it, running the end of the rope  
under the thwart to secure it there.

61 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He watches, expressionless, then makes himself comfort-  
able, curls up and goes to sleep.

FADE OUT



FADE IN

62 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - LONG SHOT

The lifeboat fills the scene. All the occupants are in various stages of sleep or half-sleep. Some of them are using their life jackets as covers for warmth. Some hours have passed, and we see beyond them just a faint streak of light dividing the horizon and the night sky.

63 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A cigar clenched in his mouth, Rittenhouse, his head weaving up and down on his chest, is asleep on watch. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Stanley, who is just opening his eyes. He looks over at the nodding Rittenhouse, gets up, comes over to where Rittenhouse is, bends over the gunwale, scoops up some water and starts to wash his face. The sound awakes the nodding Rittenhouse. The sudden waking causes the cigar to drop from his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE

Oh, good morning, Sparks!

He reaches down, picks up the cigar and dusts the end of it carefully.

STANLEY

(through his ablutions)

Good morning, sir!

RITTENHOUSE

Asleep on watch.

(He puts the cigar  
back into his mouth)

Fine thing -- I ought to be court-  
martialed.

During this Stanley has produced a toothbrush from one of his pockets, dipped it into the sea water, and now, his back turned to Rittenhouse, is cleaning his teeth.

RITTENHOUSE

(gaping)

I wonder how much we've drifted.

STANLEY

Not very much.

(he bends to clean the  
toothbrush in the sea)

With the sea anchor out --

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

Oh sure, the sea anchor. You know, I had no idea what those things looked like. Thought they were great heavy things, with a hook to hold onto the sea bottom. When you put the thing out, I thought it was a toy parachute or something. Do they really keep the boat from drifting?

STANLEY

(producing a comb)

Last time I was adrift a sea anchor held us up forty-eight hours in a storm.

(he combs his hair)

RITTENHOUSE

You've been torpedoed before?

STANLEY

Twice.

Rittenhouse looks at him with a new respect.

RITTENHOUSE

How long before you were picked up?

STANLEY

Well, the last time it was forty-four days.

Rittenhouse reacts sharply to this.

RITTENHOUSE

That must have been awful.

STANLEY

Well, we did get a bit sunburned.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in the others, still asleep.

STANLEY

Of course, we had a good sound lifeboat then, everything intact, plenty of food and water.

RITTENHOUSE

(nervously)

Well, haven't we got plenty, too?

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.1)

STANLEY

A good deal of our food's been spoiled, three of the four water breakers are smashed, and a lot of the water leaked out of the fourth one before it was taped. But what worries me is the compass. Smashed to pieces. That's a bit awkward. And then, of course, there's the German.

(he greets Mrs. Porter  
who has wakened)

Good morning, Mrs. Porter!

MRS. PORTER

(querulously)

What's good about it? How soon  
will we be picked up?

RITTENHOUSE

We were just discussing that. There's  
no way of telling.

STANLEY

Did you sleep well?

MRS. PORTER

(loudly)

Not a wink.

Her loud voice wakens the others. There's a general stirring of figures. Mrs. Porter painfully struggles to a sitting position. She grimaces. We get the feeling her mouth tastes like a bat's nest.

MRS. PORTER

Not only that, I froze. If I only  
could have had my coat to cover me --

Her coat reminds her of Mrs. Higgins and she looks off  
toward the end of the boat. Her face goes blank.

MRS. PORTER

Where's Mrs. Higgins?

All eyes turn to where Mrs. Higgins was.

54 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT - THE WICKER CHAIR

Empty and leaning over toward the end of the boat.

55 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The group of silhouetted figures pick their way forward  
to the prow of the boat.

56 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT AT PROW (REVERSE ANGLE)

As all eyes look in the direction of CAMERA, we PAN DOWN  
to show the rope that was holding Mrs. Higgins is now  
hanging, taut, over the side of the boat.

67 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Their faces horrified at the implication of the taut rope. Joe is the first to bend and start pulling at the rope.

68 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSEUP

Joe's hand pulling on the taut rope.

69 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As the group gaze over the side, Rittenhouse's voice breaks in.

RITTENHOUSE

(babbling)

I'm sorry - I'm terribly sorry - it was pitch black when I relieved you, Kovac - I couldn't see her - for all I know it might have happened during your watch.

One or two heads turn towards him accusingly for a moment. The light on the figures begins to increase. Kovac leans forward. From his dungarees he produces a large jack knife, opens it, then slashes at the taut rope.

70 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT

The knife severing the rope. The weight at the bottom of the rope causes it to slip quickly away.

71 EXT. SEA (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT

The rope slips quickly into the sea and disappears. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP until it reveals the horizon - the beginning of a beautiful sunrise. As it increases in golden splendor, we

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. SEA (MORNING) - LONG SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

In an expansive view of the open sea -- calm, with a brisk breeze blowing, the sun shines brightly.

73

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - A COMPASS

It's a watch-compass held concealed in the German's hand. CAMERA PULLS UP AND OVER the German's head, and we see he is furtively consulting the compass. He closes the case, puts it into his pocket, and looks around to make sure he hasn't been observed. As he does this, CAMERA LEVELS to take in the rest of the boat. Coats and jerseys are off and draped on the side of the boat, drying. For the first time we get a sense of community on the lifeboat. Everybody's busy at his own particular job. Rittenhouse and Joe are checking supplies. Rittenhouse is in his shirt-sleeves. He has a pencil and paper in his hand and looks very important and efficient, checking off the rations which Joe is preparing. Kovac is working on the sail. Alice is changing the bandage on Gus's wounded leg. Stanley is watching her. Mrs. Porter, seated in the wicker chair, has taken out her typewriter, set it up on a thwart, and is busy pecking away at the keys. As Joe rations out the food for the morning meal, Rittenhouse makes alterations in his inventory.

JOE

That's eight biscuits --

RITTENHOUSE

(checking them off)

Minus eight biscuits --

Joe, using a section of broken planking for tray, proceeds to pass among the others and hand out the morning rations of biscuit.

RITTENHOUSE

(briskly)

Kovac, how's the sail coming along?

KOVAC

Coming along.

Stanley notices Rittenhouse's cigar is unlit and produces a box of matches.

STANLEY

Light?

RITTENHOUSE

No, thanks. I've got to hoard this heater until we get some place.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE (Cont.)

(he looks up and  
announces with  
gusto)

Well folks, I'm taking inventory and  
we're in the black -- a going concern.  
It's no use lying around waiting to  
be picked up, we might have to wait  
as long as -- er --

(he remembers ---

Stanley's remark)

As long as forty-four days. So we  
might as well get organized. The  
first order of business is depart-  
ment heads. Sparks --

STANLEY

Yes, Mr. Rittenhouse?

RITTENHOUSE

Call me Ritt.

(he squeezes Stanley's  
arm affectionately)

We're all in the same boat.

STANLEY

(solemnly)

Yes, sir, Ritt.

RITTENHOUSE

You'll be in charge of navigation.

STANLEY

Aye, aye, sir!

(he winks at Gus)

RITTENHOUSE

George --

JOE

(turning)

Call me Joe.

RITTENHOUSE

Is your name Joe?

JOE

Yes, sir.

RITTENHOUSE

(a little  
reluctantly)

Joe it is. You're head of the  
commissary.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont. 1)

JOE

Yes, sir.  
(he winks at  
Stanley)

RITTENHOUSE

(to Mrs. Porter)  
Connie, will you keep the ship's log?

MRS. PORTER

Righto Ritt -- providing I control  
the copyright and all publication  
rights.

(afterthought)  
Including the Scandinavian.

RITTENHOUSE

Miss Mackenzie, you're in charge of  
sick bay.

74 INT, LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - STANLEY, ALICE,  
AND GUS

STANLEY

(guarded voice)  
Don't look now, but I think we  
have a skipper.

ALICE

Who elected Mr. Rittenhouse?

STANLEY

Mr. Rittenhouse,

GUS

Ritt, to you.

ALICE

Do you think he's capable?

GUS

Sure he is -- till the sail goes  
up.

He reaches over behind him to the gunwale and brings  
forth a pair of silk stockings which have been draped  
over the side to dry.

GUS

Here's your stockings, Sparks.  
(he holds them  
aloft)  
I guess they're dry now.

(CONTINUED)

74 (Cont.)

STANLEY

Thanks.

He takes the stockings from Gus. Gus unbuttons his pea-jacket and from under it he takes a wrinkled newspaper which he starts to read. Stanley starts carefully folding the stockings. The clatter of Mrs. Porter's typewriter stops suddenly, and her voice comes into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Is it a mirage?

CAMERA SWINGS OVER to take in Mrs. Porter. She is staring wide-eyed at the stockings in Stanley's hands.

MRS. PORTER

Or do I really see a pair of nylons?

STANLEY

It's all I was able to save.

He notices the covetous look on her face and adds quickly:

STANLEY

They're a present for somebody.

MRS. PORTER

Oh?

She looks over toward Alice and decides to enter the lists at once.

MRS. PORTER

You know, Sparks, I've gone through earthquakes, pestilence, war and shipwreck, with my head bloody but unbowed, but there's one thing I know I can't survive --

She lifts her leg and shows Stanley the run in her stocking which has now widened considerably.

MRS. PORTER

Darling, it does things to my morale!

STANLEY

They're a present for my sister.

Mrs. Porter's lips form a cozening pout.

STANLEY

I had an awful time getting them --  
(he appeals to Kovac)  
Didn't I, Kovac?

(CONTINUED)



74 (Cont. 1)

Kovac is looking toward the German, who is being handed his rations by Joe. The German starts in voraciously on the biscuit. Kovac pays no attention to Stanley -- he probably doesn't even hear him.

KOVAC

We never should've let him stay on board. He'll eat our food, drink our water and doublecross us the first chance he gets.

MRS. PORTER

What are you afraid of? He's one against seven.

KOVAC

It was eight yesterday -- or have you forgotten?

Mrs. Porter looks at him a moment then resumes her typing.

75 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - FEATURING ALICE AND GUS

Gus is reading the newspaper. In the ANGLE OF CAMERA we can see a three-column ad for: "REDUCO", the sensational new obesity-slayer. There is a "Before and After" photograph of a three hundred pound gent who, by the timely use of Reduco, is now down to a mere two hundred. The deflated one, before and after, bears a striking resemblance to the eminent director Alfred Hitchcock.

GUS

There's a piece here about some people who were adrift in a lifeboat for eighty days.

(he lowers the paper,  
grinning with relish of  
an idea that has occurred  
to him)

Say, maybe we can beat that record.

RITTENHOUSE

(looks up from  
his notes)

Heaven forbid!

GUS

We might even make the newsreels. Rosie'd get a bang out o' that. It'd remind her of the first cup we ever won in a marathon dance at the Garden. We done eighty consecutive hours.

STANLEY

Consecutive?

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

GUS

Well -- ten minutes off every four hours for coffee and cakes and whatnot.

ALICE

How did you feel after eighty hours of dancing?

GUS

I had a slight headache. But Rosie -- she was just wound up. She grabbed a cab and went right over to Roseland.

ALICE

Does she work there?

GUS

She lives there.

Alice has concluded the bandaging and now looks up.

ALICE

How does the leg feel now?

GUS

It don't feel at all.  
(he notices the worried look on her face and continues:)  
All I hope is it don't leave me gimpy. Al'd love that.

ALICE

Who's Al?

GUS

Al Magaroulia -- an Armenian rug-cutter. He knew Rosie before I did. He's got fallen arches -- keeps him outa the draft, but not outa Roseland.

Rittenhouse is crouching by the water breaker, peering into it, taking notes.

RITTENHOUSE

(mumbling)

The breaker carried twenty gallons... about a third full... say, seven gallons, that makes eight hundred and ninety-four ounces --

Stanley passes by him and CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Kovac and Mrs. Porter, as Stanley starts helping Kovac with the sail. As Mrs. Porter types, her bracelet comes loose and comes over her hand.

MRS. PORTER

Kovac, you know something about machinery, don't you?

KOVAC

(preening)

A little.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont. 1)

MRS. PORTER

See if you can fix this clasp.

Kovac comes over and takes Mrs. Porter's hand. He begins to work on the loose clasp. As he does this she is glancing at the stuff she has typed. For a moment there is silence, then:

KOVAC

Mrs. Porter, I've read a lot of your stuff.

She looks up, pleased, but on guard.

KOVAC

You want to know what's the matter with it?

Mrs. Porter's response comes with unexpected, deceptive mildness.

MRS. PORTER

No, do tell me.

KOVAC

(working on the sail)

You've been all over the world, and you've met all kinds of people -- but you never write about them. You only write about yourself. You think the whole war's a show put on for you to cover, like a Broadway play, and if enough people die before the last act, maybe you might give it four stars.

Mrs. Porter gets up from her wicker chair.

MRS. PORTER

(tensely)

All right, Tovarich, now listen to me --

STANLEY

(interrupting)

Gangway! Heads down! - or heads up!

The sail is unfurling.

76

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

An attractive SHOT of the sail billowing.

77

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The billowing sail is a symbol of hope and they all watch it with eager expressions. Rittenhouse gets to his feet.

RITTENHOUSE

(jubilantly)

Folks, we're under weigh!

KOVAC

Where to?

RITTENHOUSE

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

KOVAC

Where are we going?

Apparently, with all of his notes and inventories, this is one subject Rittenhouse hasn't considered. Stanley breaks the silence that follows.

STANLEY

The first operator said the freighter was headed for Bermuda.

RITTENHOUSE

(relieved)

Good. You'd better take the tiller.

STANLEY

But what about the course?

Again silence. They look at each other.

RITTENHOUSE

Does anybody here know the course to Bermuda?

GUS

I was at the wheel when we got punctured. The course was a hundred and fifteen -- east southeast.

RITTENHOUSE

Fine. East southeast it is.

STANLEY

Yes, sir. But where is east southeast? Without a compass --

RITTENHOUSE

What about the sun?

STANLEY

With the sun this high, it's pretty hard to tell the points of the compass.  
(points)

I think it's out that way.

MRS. PORTER

You think!

RITTENHOUSE

(helplessly)

Doesn't anybody know?

Apparently nobody does. Mrs. Porter suddenly addresses the German.

MRS. PORTER

Koennen Sie uns die Richtung Ost-Sued-Ost angeben?

The German hesitates, takes a squint at the sun, then points a direction a little further north of Kovac's. (Later we'll find out it's actually the east.)

THE GERMAN

Bitte sehr.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.1)

MRS. PORTER

He says east southeast is in that direction.

KOVAC

How does he know?

MRS. PORTER

He ought to know -- I was under the impression his sub was operating around here, wasn't it?

KOVAC

Do you suppose he'd lead us to Bermuda -- British territory --

Mrs. Porter is stumped. She has no answer for this.

THE GERMAN

Was sagt ehr?

MRS. PORTER

Haben Sie keine Angst, als Gefangener nach Bermuda zu kommen?

THE GERMAN

(shrugs and smiles)

Ich bin hier auch Kriegsgefangener. In Bermuda werde ich wenigstens gutes Essen und ein Bett haben.

MRS. PORTER

He says he'd rather be a prisoner of war in Bermuda than here. At least he'd have good food and a bed.

KOVAC

(stubbornly)

I wouldn't trust anything he says.

RITTENHOUSE

Kovac, you're so prejudiced you can't think straight. If anybody's in a position to know where we are and where Bermuda is, he's the one.

KOVAC

Who says so?

RITTENHOUSE

We'll follow the German's course.

KOVAC

Who elected you skipper?

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.2 )

RITTENHOUSE

(taken aback)

Well, I --

(he looks around  
at the others)If there's anybody else you'd rather  
have --

KOVAC

What do you know about a ship?

Rittenhouse bristles. Mrs. Porter springs to his defense.

MRS. PORTER

Well, among other things, he just  
happens to own a shipyard, that's  
all.

KOVAC

Has he ever been in it?

MRS. PORTER

He has thousands of employees -- he  
knows how to handle men.

KOVAC

Not in a lifeboat. What we need is  
an able seaman. And we've got one.  
(he points to Gus)

GUS

Who? -- Me?

(he shakes his head)

Right now I'm a kind of a disabled  
seaman. An' I never did have no  
exakative ability. I think maybe  
Sparks, here --

STANLEY

No, really -- I know a bit about  
navigation, but when it comes to  
taking charge of a ship -- What  
about Kovac?Before Kovac has a chance to answer Mrs. Porter bursts  
forth indignantly:

MRS. PORTER

That clunk? Run this boat? With  
what? An oil can?(she gets a  
sudden idea)If you're talking about a skipper --  
(she lowers her  
voice)

We've got a skipper right on this boat --

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.3)

They all look at the German.

RITTENHOUSE

But he wasn't the captain.

MRS. PORTER

Wasn't he?

(She calls out  
suddenly)

Herr Kapitaen!

The German, who has affected a complete non-interest in the proceedings and has his back turned toward them, looking out to sea, whirls suddenly. Mrs. Porter smiles at the success of her ruse and the gesture of her hands indicates: "There you are, ladies and gentlemen."

MRS. PORTER

There you have a man who's familiar with these waters. He knows seamanship. He knows navigation. What about it?

Her suggestion leaves the others dumbfounded.

KOVAC

(incredulously)

Do you mean you want to turn the boat over to the man who sunk our freighter and shelled our lifeboats?

MRS. PORTER

(with irritating  
calm)

I mean I want you to turn over the boat to the man obviously best qualified to run it.

KOVAC

(explosively)

You're crazy!

RITTENHOUSE

Now wait a minute --

(he chews his  
cigar savagely)

There's two sides to everything. Let's look at this straight -- calmly and reasonably. The German's just as anxious to get to safety as we are. And if he's a trained skipper, why shouldn't he take charge?

KOVAC

(fiercely)

Because I'm taking charge!

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.4)

MRS. PORTER

Since when?

KOVAC

As of now, I'm skipper. And anybody  
don't like it can get out and swim  
to Bermuda. What about that?

He looks around.

GUS

I'll buy it.

STANLEY

It suits me.  
(he looks at  
Alice)  
What about you?

ALICE

I'm for it.

JOE

Yes, sir.

Kovac looks at Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE

(uncertainly)

Well, if the rest agree --

It's more or less unanimous now, except for Mrs. Porter.  
She looks at Kovac with loathing.

MRS. PORTER

All right, Commissar, what's the  
course?

KOVAC

Well, we --

He hesitates. He is by no means sure and he realizes  
as well as anybody the German probably knows more about  
it than anybody else. He looks at Stanley.

KOVAC

Stanley, what did you say --

Stanley points as before. The German sees the gesture  
and shakes his head. He speaks with deep and apparently  
sincere urgency.

(CONTINUED)



77 (Cont.5)

THE GERMAN

Nein! Nein!

(he points as before)

Der Mann hat keine Ahnung! Wenn Sie  
ihm folgen, kommen Sie nur weiter  
hinaus ins Meer - nicht nach Bermuda!  
Bermuda liegt in dieser Richtung!

(he points again)

Das ist Ost-Sued-Ost!

MRS. PORTER

He says if we go your way we'll only  
head further out to sea. He insists  
the course to Bermuda is that way.

(she points)

KOVAC

(points where Stanley  
pointed)

We'll head that way.

(to Stanley)

Take the tiller, Sparks,

STANLEY

Aye, aye, sir!

He clambers over to the tiller and works it to head the  
boat in the direction he recommended. The boat starts  
to swing slowly in that direction.

78 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

He turns his head away, trying to hide his annoyance.

79 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

As the boat swings around, a strong wind catches the sail  
and the boat tilts over at quite an angle. Mrs. Porter's  
typewriter, on the seat, starts to slide forward. She  
sees this and makes a frantic grab to save it, but it's  
too late. All she succeeds in saving is the sheet of  
paper that had been in the typewriter. It's in  
Mrs. Porter's hand as the typewriter sinks.

KOVAC

(blithely)

Including the Scandinavian.

As she turns and glares at Kovac, we

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. SEA (LATE AFTERNOON) - MUSIC - MED. SHOT

We get a TOP ANGLE view of the lifeboat, sail billowing. The German is alone at the bow. All the others are grouped together in the stern. The effect is one of moral and physical isolation for the German. In the group at the stern, Joe is playing his flute. Near him Gus is propped up, his head resting against a section of board somebody has rigged up for him as a headrest. Kovac is making a deck of cards from a small memo pad he has borrowed from Mrs. Porter. Rittenhouse has got hold of Gus's newspaper and is reading it. His cigar is noticeably smaller. Mrs. Porter has picked up the tennis racquet salvaged by Kovac, and as she talks, she practices backhand swipes with the racquet. Stanley is at the tiller. Alice sits by him.

81 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING from the edge of the group in the stern toward the bow of the boat, where, behind the sail, the German sits alone. Above the tootling of Joe's flute we hear, ad lib:

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

That typewriter went with me everywhere -- Paris, Berlin, Rome, London --

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

Now Connie, quit grouching.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Why shouldn't I grouse? Little by little, I'm being stripped of all my earthly possessions.

During the foregoing the German, casually and unobtrusively, starts edging along the thwart, a foot or two nearer the group at the stern.

82 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT STERN

CAMERA SHOOTING PAST Rittenhouse and Gus in the foreground, features Mrs. Porter whose morale seems to have sunk to a new low, following the loss of her typewriter. She seems weary and dispirited as she sits with her chin cupped in her hand, reciting the litany of her woes.

MRS. PORTER

First my camera -- I don't mind the loss of the camera so much, but the film in it... I get ill when I think of it!

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

(from behind the  
newspaper)

Remember the boom we had after the  
last war?

(he lowers the paper  
and speaks impressively)

The boom we'll have after this one's  
over will make the other one look  
like a mild flurry.

Gus is fussing with his bandages. He winces. CAMERA  
MOVES IMPERCEPTIBLY CLOSER to Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER

Then my steamer rug goes -- then  
my fur coat -- and now my typewriter!

RITTENHOUSE

Take China, for example. Four hundred  
million customers waiting to sign on  
the dotted line as soon as peace is  
declared.

MRS. PORTER

I was a fool to take the freighter.  
I should've gone by clipper.

RITTENHOUSE

Me too. I'd have been in Spain by  
now.

KOVAC

(looks up)

Spain? Were you going for the State  
Department?

RITTENHOUSE

Certainly not. I was going for C.J.  
Rittenhouse.

KOVAC

What for?

RITTENHOUSE

Well -- after the war --

MRS. PORTER

Cheese it, Ritt, the Gay - Pay - oo!

With her eyes she indicates Kovac; then suddenly reacts  
to the fact that he is using her memo pad.

MRS. PORTER

(indignantly)

Say, where did you get that memo pad?

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.1)

KOVAC

I borrowed it from you, to make a deck of cards.

MRS. PORTER

----- You mean to say you opened my bag --

KOVAC

It was open.

He tosses the remnants of the pad into her lap and addresses Rittenhouse.

KOVAC

How about a little poker?

RITTENHOUSE

(eagerly)

Okie-doak!

KOVAC

(to Mrs. Porter)

Deal you in?

MRS. PORTER

With the deck you made, darling?

As the men prepare for the poker game:

B6 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

As before, the ANGLE OF CAMERA is from the edge of the group in the stern, toward the bow. The German is watching the proceedings at the stern end.

KOVAC'S VOICE

Jacks openers?

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

That'll do for a starter.

During the foregoing the German, as unobtrusively as before, sidles a few feet nearer the group at the stern.

B4 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT STERN

In the foreground Gus is concerned with his injured leg. Mrs. Porter has moved up to watch the poker game. Rittenhouse has produced a wallet and is removing banknotes from it. Kovac has put some greasy greenbacks of small denomination before him. Joe tootles aimlessly on the flute. In the background, Stanley at the tiller, Alice sitting by.

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE  
What about stakes?

KOVAC  
Dollar limit?

RITTENHOUSE  
Okie-doak.

They out for deal. Rittenhouse wins. As he starts to deal Kovac takes off his denim jacket and puts it aside. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to feature Kovac and Mrs. Porter. Her chin cupped in her hand, her head askew, she is looking at Kovac's bare chest, upon which are tattooed several sets of initials.

85 INSERT: THE INITIALS ON KOVAC'S CHEST

86 BACK TO SHOT

We get the feeling that the sight of tattooed monograms tends to lift Mrs. Porter from the doldrums a trifle.

MRS. PORTER  
What are those letters on your diaphragm?

KOVAC  
Love letters.

MRS. PORTER  
Oh, you believe in advertising.

Kovac looks at his hand, shoves a bill forward.

KOVAC  
Open.

MRS. PORTER  
I never could fathom this quaint business of making a billboard out of one's torso.

RITTENHOUSE  
Stay.

KOVAC  
Three cards.

Rittenhouse deals him three and three for himself.

MRS. PORTER  
I must say, however, that you've shown most commendable delicacy just tattooing the initials, and not printing the names, addresses and telephone numbers.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

KOVAC

(grimly)

Bet one.

RITTENHOUSE

See you.

(turns his hand)

Kings.

KOVAC

(shows his hand)

Aces.

He rakes in the money, picks up the cards and starts to shuffle them.

MRS. PORTER

Let's see, how many are there?

(she starts to count)

One -- two -- three -- four -- five.

KOVAC

(shuffling cards)

Remind me to show you the rest of them some time.

On Mrs. Porter's reaction:

87 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

From the edge of the group at the stern. Ad lib talk from the poker game comes into the SHOT. The German nudges a few feet closer to CAMERA.

88 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT STERN

Kovac is dealing a new hand. From the background the voice of Stanley becomes audible.

STANLEY

(to Alice)

What made you join the Red Cross?

ALICE

I don't know.

CAMERA MOVES PAST the foreground group to feature them.

ALICE

I never thought I'd go in for it. I used to faint at the sight of blood... What made you join the Merchant Marine?

(CONTINUED)

88 (Cont.)

STANLEY

I don't know. I've never really thought about it. I suppose it was because I was brought up in Greenwich. Maybe it was the river there, and the ships.

ALICE

This is the first time I've ever been to sea. I was born and raised in the wheat country. At times, when the wind blows through the wheat, it looks something like the sea.

STANLEY

It's not a bad life in the Merchant Marine, except for the U-boats, of course. After a while you get to taking them in your stride, but the first time is rather scary, isn't it?

ALICE

I'm glad the freighter was torpedoed.

Stanley's reaction of astonishment is matched by:

89

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Everybody's head, except Gus who is bent over his leg, comes up with the same astonished reaction to the strange remark of Alice's. As Alice looks at them confused, a sound from Gus attracts their attention. The sound is half-growl, half-moan. Alice leaves her place alongside of Stanley and starts over toward Gus. The flute playing of Joe stops. Rittenhouse, Kovac and Mrs. Porter get up and come over as Alice stands by Gus who is unwrapping the bandage on his leg.

ALICE

What are you doing that for?

GUS

Looot, it's just the -- the bandage is too tight, or somethin'.

ALICE

Wait, let me.

She gets down on her knees and starts taking the bandage off. ANGLE OF CAMERA is such that it takes in the faces of the people, but not the injured leg. But we know the bandages are off by the expression on all their faces. Their reactions tell us what the CAMERA cannot show.

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

GUS  
(admiringly)  
Holy mackerell!

For a moment, he forgets his pain in the fact that he's now the center of attraction.

GUS  
Ain't it a hon?

RITTENHOUSE  
(to Alice)  
What about it?

ALICE  
I don't know. I'm afraid I --

She looks helplessly down at the leg and shakes her head.

GUS  
Looks more like a leg o' lamb, doesn't it?

THE GERMAN'S VOICE  
Das Bein sieht schlimm aus.  
(That leg looks bad.)

All heads go up and all eyes look into CAMERA.

90 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN  
He has finally effected his furtive progress across the lifeboat, and now stands directly before the group facing him.

THE GERMAN  
(gravely)  
Sehr schlimm.  
(Very bad.)

91 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP  
(NOW INCLUDING THE GERMAN)

KOVAC  
(harshly)  
Get away from here!

The German ignores him and continues to look at Gus's leg.

KOVAC  
(to Mrs. Porter)  
Tell him to get back to his place  
before I throw him overboard.

Before Mrs. Porter can say anything, the German speaks.

THE GERMAN  
Das Bein muss amputiert werden.  
(That leg has to be amputated.)

Everyone turns to the German, then automatically to Mrs. Porter. She makes no effort to translate.

(CONTINUED)



91 (Cont.)

GUS

What did he say?

Mrs. Porter doesn't answer Gus, but continues with the German.

MRS. PORTER

Amputiert? Hier?  
(Amputated? Here?)

THE GERMAN

Jawohl.  
(Yes.)

MRS. PORTER

Jetzt gleich?  
(Right away?)

THE GERMAN

Unverzueglich.  
(Immediately.)

During this, Gus's eyes have gone from Mrs. Porter's face as she speaks to the German's face as he answers. Gus can't understand what is being said, but he tries to catch the meaning from the expressions on their faces.

92 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - GUS

Like a tennis player watching the course of a ball over the net, Gus's head keeps turning first to Mrs. Porter then to the German, as he listens.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Wenn wir warten koennten bis wir auf  
Land stossen -  
(If we could wait until we reach land -)

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Ausgeschlossen.  
(Out of the question.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Ist es wirklich so schlimm?  
(Is it really that bad?)

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Jawohl.  
(It is.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Aber wir haben keine Instrumente -  
(But we have no instruments - )

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Das aendert nichts an den Tatsachen.  
(That makes no difference.)

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

THE GERMAN

-- die Operation muss sofort gemacht werden, oder der Mann wird sterben.  
(The operation must be made immediately or the man will die.)

Mrs. Porter looks at Gus. She finds it difficult to speak.

MRS. PORTER

Gus, I'm afraid your leg --

She stops. Gus looks down at his leg, then up at her again.

GUS

(thickly)

Gangrene?

Now all the others look at the German and he nods.

THE GERMAN

Jawohl, Gangraene.  
(Yes, gangrene.)

MRS. PORTER

The leg will have to be amputated at once.

Gus looks bleakly at his leg. He's too stunned to say anything. The others all turn, automatically, to Alice. She shakes her head, terrified.

ALICE

No, I've -- I've never -- I've never even seen an amputation --

The German has been able to follow her speech by her manner, and now turns to speak to Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN

Unter den gegebenen Umstaenden halten Sie es vielleicht fuer unangemessen, meine Dienste in Anspruch zu nehmen. Aber ich bin Chirurg von Beruf und habe viele Amputationen durchgefuehrt.  
(Under the circumstances you may think it improper to avail yourself of my services. But I am a surgeon by profession and I have done many amputations.)

Mrs. Porter translates promptly.

MRS. PORTER

He says he knows he's an enemy, and technically our prisoner, so perhaps we won't care to trust him with the operation, but he's willing to do it.

(CONTINUED)

KOVAC

What the devil does he know about it?

MRS. PORTER

He said he was a surgeon in civilian life. He's done many operations.

KOVAC

(fiercely)

If he did, they probably were illegal. If he's a medical man, why isn't he in the medical service?

MRS. PORTER

(impatiently)

I don't know and I don't care. Maybe the gangrene isn't legal, but it's there and the leg has to come off.

GUS

No dice.

(shakes his head)

I don't want no operation.

MRS. PORTER

Darling, you want to live, don't you?

GUS

Not with one leg.

KOVAC

Don't be a sap, Gus.

GUS

You don't understand.

KOVAC

Sure I do.

(grimly)

Rosie.

MRS. PORTER

What's Rosie got to do with it?

GUS

Everything. If I lose my leg, I lose Rosie.

MRS. PORTER

Well, of course, I don't know Rosie --

GUS

She loves to dance. It's her hobby -- her whole life. Put yourself in her place. Do you like to dance?

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont. 1)

MRS. PORTER

Mad about it..

GUS

Well, then what good's a hepcat with  
one gam among the missin'. If my leg  
goes, Rosie goes.

KOVAC

Well, if she's that kind of a --

GUS

(flares up)

Don't you call Rosie that kind of a!

KOVAC

I ought to know, I introduced you to  
her, didn't I?

Unconsciously his eyes go down to the initials on his  
chest.

GUS

No you didn't. Al Magaroulia intro-  
duced me to her.

KOVAC

I knew her before Al Magaroulia did.

GUS

Al Magaroulia --

MRS. PORTER

To heck with Al Magaroulia! What's  
he got to do with it?

GUS

Rosie's as good as anybody!

MRS. PORTER

And a darn sight better.

KOVAC

If she was the right kind of a woman --

GUS

Kovac, you take that back!

MRS. PORTER

Darling, don't pay any attention to  
that human 24-sheet. You listen to  
me. I may not know Rosie but I know  
women. Some of my best friends are  
women. And one of them is that kind  
of a.

(CONTINUED)

GUS  
What kind of a?

MRS. PORTER  
A free soul.

GUS  
That's Rosie.

MRS. PORTER  
An independent spirit, who lives her own life.

GUS  
That's Rosie all over.

MRS. PORTER  
With a heart that embraces all humanity. Her motto is "to give."

GUS  
Rosie'd give anybody the shirt off her back. She's got a heart as big as her head.

MRS. PORTER  
And you want to break it.

GUS  
Who? Me?

MRS. PORTER  
You'd rather die than trust her.

GUS  
Who says I don't trust her? It's Al Magaroulia I don't trust.

94 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP  
Standing around waiting for an emergency operation to occur, while Gus defends the honor of Rosie.

GUS'S VOICE  
He knew Rosie before I did. She swore to me there was nothin' between 'em, an' maybe they want. But Rosie's human like everybody else, an' it ain't like we was married or had a home an' all.

95 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - TWO SHOT - GUS AND MRS. PORTER

GUS  
Maybe we should've got hitched before I left on the last cruise. I should've took care o' that insurance. Rosie kep' askin' about it. The kid's always thinkin' o' me.

MRS. PORTER  
That's why you've got to think of her.  
(with the utmost sincerity)  
Back home, waiting for you, putting on a brave front -- dancing, smiling and apparently having a good time --

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER (Cont.)

-- but all the while her heart aching,  
torn with loneliness and uncertainty,  
not knowing whether you're dead or  
alive -- and then at last to find out  
that you risked your life, perhaps  
died, just because you had no faith  
in her --

Apparently overcome by emotion, she turns away.

96 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - MRS. PORTER

Under her breath she mutters to herself.

MRS. PORTER

God forgive me.

97 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - GUS

Tears glint in his eyes, as he looks down at his leg.

GUS

Poor kid -- she'll be broken-hearted  
when she --

He looks up bleakly at the faces looking down at him and  
announces his decision:

GUS

(ferociously)

Well, what're you all waitin' for?  
Let's go.

98 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

Bitte operieren Sie.

(Please operate.)

THE GERMAN

Na also.

(Well.)

The German immediately starts rolling up his shirt sleeves. Alice goes to the compartment, gets out the First Aid box and comes back with it. The German indicates by a gesture to lay Gus on a thwart. Rittenhouse and Kovac proceed to do this, with assistance from Joe. There's a general bustle of preparation. The German leans over the side of the boat and washes his hands in the sea, then straightens and looks around. Mrs. Porter passes a clean handkerchief to Alice, who hands it to the German. They have automatically become doctor and nurse. The German starts to carefully inspect the contents of the box. During this:

(CONTINUED)

90 Cont.)

THE GERMAN

Haben Sie irgendwelche Medikamente....  
Betaeubungsmittel?  
(Have you any medicines....anesthetics?)

MRS. PORTER

(to Alice)

Have we any sort of an anesthetic?

ALICE

Nothing.

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

Nichts. Keinerlei Medikamente.  
(Nothing. No medical supplies at all.)

KOVAC

(to Mrs. Porter)

You have some brandy, haven't you?

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

Tut's Kognak nicht auch?  
(Won't Cognac do it?)

THE GERMAN

Besser als garnichts.  
(It's better than nothing.)

Mrs. Porter goes to her case and takes out a crystal silver-topped flask, filled with brandy.

GUS

Did I hear brandy?

Mrs. Porter returns with the flask.

GUS

Hi-yo, Silver!

She hands him the flask. As he starts unscrewing the top:

THE GERMAN

Wir brauchen etwas zum Abbinden--  
--einen Guertel vielleicht.  
(We need something for a tourniquet -  
a belt perhaps.)

MRS. PORTER

He needs something for a turniquet --  
a belt or something.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont. 1)

Stanley pulls out his leather belt and hands it to the German. From now on, in this section of the sequence, there will be two dominating overtones -- the efficient, professional and unemotional preparation for the operation by the German; and the progressive effect of the brandy on Gus. He has opened the flask and is looking down at his leg. He waves his hand in a ceremonial gesture to the leg he's about to lose.

GUS

It was nice knowin' you.

He takes a long pull.

THE GERMAN

Ich brauche ein Messer, eine Nadel  
und Zwirn.

(I need a knife, a needle and thread.)

MRS. PORTER

A needle and thread. I think I have  
one... Who has a knife?

Kovac draws his large jack-knife from his pocket and hands it over to the German, almost before he, himself, is conscious of what he's doing. The others react to the implication of the knife. Luckily, Gus has the back of his head to the German and is unable to see the knife. Mrs. Porter leaves for the needle and thread.

GUS

(smacking his lips)

Yummy! Am I gonna feel good pretty  
soon!

(he looks at Kovac  
and scowls)

Kovac, why didja wanta say that  
about Rosie?

KOVAC

Say what?

MUR

What you said.

KOVAC

I'm sorry, Gus.

GUS

Take it back.

KOVAC

Okay, I take it back.

(CONTINUED)



98 (Cont. 2)

He's taking another pull as Mrs. Porter returns with needle and thread.

THE GERMAN

(to Mrs. Porter)

Bitten Sie die Schwester den Zwirn einzufädeln.

Please ask the nurse to thread the needle.)

Mrs. Porter hands Alice the needle and thread.

MRS. PORTER

He wants you to thread it.

Alice takes the needle and thread. She is watching Gus. She speaks into Mrs. Porter's ear in a low tone.

ALICE

Ask him how much of the stuff he can drink.

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

Wieviel davon kann er trinken?  
(How much may he drink?)

THE GERMAN

Soviel er will.  
(As much as he wants.)

Mrs. Porter nods to Alice, addresses Gus.

MRS. PORTER

Go ahead, Gus, the works -- down the hatch.

GUS

(gratefully)

I'll never forget you.

Already, his eyes are beginning to lose focus. The bottle is about a fourth empty. The German, who has been examining the knife, now addresses Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN

Ihr Feuerzeug, bitte.  
(Your lighter, please.)

Mrs. Porter hands the lighter to him. He lights it, then as the wind blows the flame out, he indicates he will need some assistance. Before striking it again, he indicates to them to cup their hands around it to prevent the flame from blowing out. This is done in a group about him.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont. 3)

GUS

(with hiccough)

Kovac, do you know what I think o'  
that snake-in-the grass friend o'  
yours - Al Magarouliau?

KOVAC

Magarouliau's no friend of mine.

GUS

Magarouliau's a skunk.

(afterthought)

A two-legged skunk.

KOVAC

I hate his guts.

GUS

You're okay, ohum.

During this, the German has been running the sharp edge of the blade backward and forward toward the flame. Alice has been threading the needle. This done, she sticks the needle into one of the bandage rolls. She puts her hand on Gus's shoulder in a gesture of comfort.

GUS

(grinning)

Hi, Loot!

ALICE

(smiles back at him, but  
her face puckers in the  
attempt)

Hi, Gus!

GUS

(to reassure her he  
can face it)

Well, anyway, it's an experience.

Now the German, satisfied that the knife has been sterilized as much as possible, blows out the flame of the lighter and returns the lighter to Mrs. Porter. Gus takes another swig at the bottle.

GUS

Kovac, when Rosie'n I get hitched,  
I want you to be my best man.

KOVAC

Glad to.

GUS

Pal, you're the best pal I have  
in the world.

KOVAC

Have one on me, kid.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 4)

During this, the German has been proceeding, as carefully and methodically as if he were in a first rate hospital. He concentrates intently on everything he does, using expert movements. Occasionally, he casts a quick appraising look toward Gus, who is now very evidently beginning to pass out.

GUS

I oughta have my head examined. I didn't have to go to sea -- I coulda got a job in a defense plant, makin' good jack -- or I coulda joined the army -- or even the navy an' instead o' that I had to stay in that stinkin' old rust belly --

THE GERMAN

Einer muss ans Steuer.  
(Somebody should take the tiller.)

MRS. PORTER

He wants somebody at the tiller.

KOVAC

(to Stanley)  
Sparks, take it.

STANLEY

Aye, aye, sir.

He goes to the tiller.

GUS

(as if it were something very important)  
Mr. Rittenhouse --

RITTENHOUSE

(leaning forward eagerly)  
Yes, son?

GUS

Call me Gus.

The German apparently has completed his preparations and now he leans over the boat and starts again to wash his hands. Gus suddenly speaks in a fierce voice.

GUS

If that rat Margaroulia thinks he can crawl in, he's nuts. I'm a better man with one leg than he is with two.

(to Mrs. Porter)

Hi, Babe!

MRS. PORTER

Hi, Toots!

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.5)

GUS  
(totally unexpectedly)  
Give us a kiss.

For an instant -- but only a brief instant -- Mrs. Porter is stymied. Then she bends down and kisses Gus on the lips. Gus makes a deep growling sound in his throat, indicative of ecstasy. He drinks down the last of the brandy and the bottle slips from his fingers. His eyes now are completely out of focus and so is his mind. He suddenly grabs hold of an idea.

GUS  
Hey, Joe -- what'd you stop playin' for? Give's a little music.

JOE  
Yes, sir.

He starts to play some fragment of a classic. Gus wags his head in violent disapproval.

GUS  
None o' that slicker music -- come on, boogie it up -- let's have a jam session.

JOE  
Yes, sir.

He changes to a swing tempo of "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree." The boat is pitching a little now.

THE GERMAN  
Kurs auf die Wellen -- das Boot muss so ruhig gehalten werden wie moeglich.  
(Steady on the waves - the boat must be kept as quiet as possible.)

MRS. PORTER  
He wants the boat held steady as possible.

KOVAC  
(yells out to Stanley)  
Head her into the sea!

STANLEY  
(calls back)  
Righto!

During this Gus has started to sing.

GUS  
(singing)  
Don't sit under the apple tree,  
With anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me --

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.6)

Apparently he forgets the rest of the song and continues like a broken phonograph record.

GUS

Anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me,  
anyone else but me --

Suddenly he stops and his foggy mind fixes on another thought.

GUS

Sayin' a thing like that -- just  
because she like to dance an' have  
a good time. Nobody's gonna call  
Rosie --

He makes an effort to get up, fails and calls out:

GUS

KOVAC!

Kovac comes over and bends down, waiting. The flute music stops. Gus glares at him truculently.

GUS

You're a no-good heel!

With all his remaining strength he hits Kovac in the face. Kovac's head jerks back, but it's Gus, striking the blow, who goes out for the count. The German comes over and looks at Gus.

99 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

The man's face has changed. It's not the face of a U-boat captain. It's the face of a surgeon, of a man who has forgotten his Nazi oath to Hitler and remembered another unspoken oath to Hippocrates.

100 INT. LIFEBOAT ( LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - RITTEHOUSE

Watching - scared. He takes the cigar from his mouth and puts it into his pocket.

101 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC

Watching - grim. ,

102 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - MRS. PORTER

There is nothing of the brittle sophisticate about her now as she watches.

- 103 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - JOE  
Praying - his lips moving with soundless words.
- 104 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY  
His hands are gripped on the tiller - his eyes fixed dead ahead.
- 105 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - ALICE  
Her eyes down watching Gus. We get a glimpse of the knife as it flashes by and out of picture.
- 106 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN  
His head bent in concentration. Suddenly he flashes into life. Little beads of perspiration begin to pop out on his face. We see by the slight movement of his shoulders he has started to cut.
- 107 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - THE GROUP  
CAMERA PANS AROUND for reactions.
- 108 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY  
At the tiller - his face is strained. He sees:
- 109 EXT. SEA (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI LONG SHOT  
An approaching swell coming toward the boat.
- 110 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY  
Strains on the tiller with all his strength in an attempt to ride the swell smoothly. He makes it, gives a swift look toward the group and his eyes go ahead again, as the boat proceeds calmly.
- 111 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - JOE  
His lips are moving.
- 112 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT - THE GROUP  
A silent SHOT - an effect of tableau. Mrs. Porter has become an assistant nurse, helping the German in the operation.
- 113 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - STANLEY  
Sees another approaching wave - but this time, in spite of his struggling to keep the boat steady, it hits the wave and a tremour shakes the boat. Stanley looks in alarm toward the group.

114 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - GROUP

The German raises himself slightly. Kovac swings around toward Stanley and yells angrily:

KOVAC

Keep her steady, you fool!

115 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY

A big head. He is struggling with all his might. Beads of perspiration on his forehead. He does not reply to Kovac. The boat steadies down.

116 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The German resumes his task. There is dead silence. Suddenly it is broken by a low moan from Gus. The German continues, undisturbed. Joe notices that Rittenhouse can't take it. He takes him by the arm and turns him to the side of the boat. Rittenhouse leans over; nausea.

117 INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP

The group round Gus - now only the German, Alice, and Kovac. Kovac holds something in his hand - CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER and we see it is a shoe. As he tosses it aside under a thwart, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

118 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

In the background Stanley may be seen at the tiller. In the foreground Gus is asleep with Alice sitting by him watching, waiting to be of service the instant she may be needed. Joe is playing on his flute; no tune, just a series of aimless runs and trills. Like everybody else but the German, he is watching Gus waiting for him to wake up after the operation. Rittenhouse and Kovac have resumed their poker game and now they have a third hand, Mrs. Porter. The German is sitting behind Mrs. Porter, kibitzing. He has accomplished his purpose of being a member of the group, and from his manner one would think he had always been so. Kovac is shuffling the cards. As he starts to deal, Gus in his sleep, stirs and moans. The poker game stops, the flute stops, and they all look at him, then at each other, uneasily, almost guiltily, as if somehow they were responsible for the loss of Gus's leg.

STANLEY

(to Alice)

Is he coming to, Miss?

ALICE

(bends over Gus)

I don't think so.

The German's eyes rove from one face to another. We get the feeling of calculation, planning.

MRS. PORTER

Maybe we ought to wake him up.

ALICE

No, let him be.

Furtively the German takes out his watch-compass and consults it.

119 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE COMPASS

120 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

As Kovac starts to deal, the German is putting his watch-compass back in his pocket. As he moves to look over the side of the boat, he bumps against Mrs. Porter and murmurs an apology. The incident is just enough to attract the attention of Mrs. Porter for a moment to the fact that the German is now looking into the water.

RITTENHOUSE

Lucky for Gus we had somebody aboard  
who knew how to meet an emergency  
like this.

(CONTINUED)



120 (Cont.)

(NOTE: The German conversation between Mrs. Porter and the German is in the nature of background dialogue and may be cut, at the discretion of the director.)

THE GERMAN

(idly to Mrs. Porter)

Die Stroemung ist ziemlich stark.  
(The current is quite swift.)

MRS. PORTER

Ist das gut oder schlecht?  
(Is that good or bad?)

121 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Listening to the conversation between Mrs. Porter and the German. Although he cannot understand German, he seems quite interested in what they're saying.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Wenn die Stroemung uns hilft, ist es  
natuerlich gut.  
(Well, it's good if the drift is  
helping, of course.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Natuerlich.  
(Of course.)

122 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE

The thing that got me was his cool-  
ness. You'd think he was operating  
in a hospital, with all the necessary  
tools and equipment.

THE GERMAN

Wenn die Stroemung unserm Kurs ent-  
gegengesetzt ist, muss man das natuer-  
lich beruecksichtigen.  
(If the current's against our course  
naturally you have to make allowances  
for it.)

MRS. PORTER

Natuerlich.  
(Naturally.)

RITTENHOUSE

And when you think what he had to  
work with --

He shakes his head, looks at his cards and shoves a match  
forward.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

Open for one.

THE GERMAN

Stroemungen sind nicht immer konstant.  
Sie sendern sowohl die Richtung wie  
auch ihr Tempo. Das muss bei jeder  
Kursaenderung selbstverstaendlich  
beruecksichtigt werden.

(Currents aren't always constant.  
They change direction as well as their  
rate of flow. You have to adjust your  
course accordingly.)

MRS. PORTER

Natuerlich.  
(Obviously.)

RITTENHOUSE

Say, what're you gabbing about?

MRS. PORTER

Currents. Not the pie kind, darling,  
the ocean kind. Fascinating subject,  
currents. They're either for you or  
agin you.

RITTENHOUSE

Do you stay or pass?

Mrs. Porter lets the German see her hand.

MRS. PORTER

Soll ich mein Glueck versuchen?  
(Shall I take a chance?)

RITTENHOUSE

(impatiently)  
Connie!

MRS. PORTER

Hold your horses, darling, I'm in a  
conference.

Out of the corner of her eyes she looks at the German.  
He purses his lips and blinks. Apparently Mrs. Porter  
takes this to be a green light. She shoves a match  
forward.

MRS. PORTER

I'll stay.

Kovac shoves a match forward.

KOVAC

Stay.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.1)

MRS. PORTER

Fortunately, Herr Kapitän seems to think we're in a favoring current. And quite swift.

STANLEY

We've got a favoring breeze, too.

RITTENHOUSE

We should be in Bermuda in no time.

ALICE

I hope so, for Gus's sake.

MRS. PORTER

That is, if we're on the right course.

RITTENHOUSE

(looks up nervously)

Does he still think we're not?

MRS. PORTER

He hasn't said anything about it.

RITTENHOUSE

Ask him.

MRS. PORTER

Glauben Sie immer noch, dass wir nicht den richtigen Kurs auf Bermuda steuern?  
(Do you still think that we are not on the right course to Bermuda?)

THE GERMAN

(shrugs)

Ohne Kompass ist das wirklich schwer zu sagen...  
(Without a compass that is really hard to tell...)

MRS. PORTER

He says you can't be sure without a compass.

STANLEY

He was pretty certain a few hours ago.

RITTENHOUSE

(suspiciously)

Yes, what made him change his mind?

Kovac's face is a thundercloud of scowling disapproval.

MRS. PORTER

Warum haben Sie Ihre Ansicht geändert?  
(What made you change your mind?)

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.2)

THE GERMAN

Wir duerfen nicht vergessen, dass wir  
auch von der Stroemung abgetrieben  
werden.

(We must not forget that the current  
is also making us drift somewhat.)

MRS. PORTER

We've probably drifted somewhat on  
account of the current.

KOVAC

(with angry  
impatience)

We've been through all that.

(glares at  
the German)

What's he doing in this part of the  
boat, anyway?

MRS. PORTER

Why, is he in quarantine?

KOVAC

Tell him to get back to the bow,  
where he belongs.

MRS. PORTER

I'll do nothing of the sort! You may  
be skipper of this lifeboat, but you're  
not dictator... or are you?

RITTENHOUSE

(placatingly)

There's no need to treat the man like  
a leper. He did save Gus's life, you  
know.

MRS. PORTER

For the time being. After all, it  
was an emergency operation. Don't  
you realize it's imperative we get  
Gus to a hospital as soon as possible?

KOVAC

Sure I do.

MRS. PORTER

Then why not listen to somebody who  
knows?

(turns to the German and  
speaks earnestly)

Wir muessten sicher sein, schon wegen  
des Verwundeten. Wenn Sie glauben,  
dass der Kurs falsch ist...

(We should be certain, on account of  
the wounded man. If you think the  
course is wrong...)

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont. 3)

THE GERMAN

Das habe ich nicht behauptet.  
(That I did not say.)

MRS. PORTER

(urgently)

Aber Sie glauben es -  
(But you think so - )

THE GERMAN

Unter den gegebenen Umstaenden habe  
ich nicht das Recht blos zu glauben.  
Ich koennte die Verantwortung nicht  
uebernehmen.  
(Under the circumstances I have no  
right to think. I could not accept  
the responsibility.)

MRS. PORTER

(impatiently)

How do you like that? Now he isn't  
sure -- he won't take the responsi-  
bility.

RITTENHOUSE

What's that got to do with it? The  
point is, are we headed for Bermuda?  
What's come over the man? All he  
has to do is to answer yes or no.

MRS. PORTER

Herr Kapitaen, wir bitten Sie um Ihre  
Meinung - wir alle hier.  
(Captain, we beg you for your opinion  
-- all of us here.)

THE GERMAN

(protestingly)

Ich bin nicht in der Lage -  
(I am not in a position - )

MRS. PORTER

(firmly and  
emphatically)

Haben wir oder haben wir nicht Kurs  
auf Bermuda?  
(Are we or are we not on the right  
course to Bermuda?)

THE GERMAN

(almost piteously)

Bitte, gnaedige Frau -  
(Please, dear lady - )

(CONTINUED)

MRS. PORTER

(imperiously)

Antworten Sie!

(Answer!)

(shouts)

Ja oder nein?

(Yes or no?)

The German hesitates, apparently in great inner conflict as to whether or not to commit himself, but when his answer comes, it is emphatic.

THE GERMAN

Nein!

(No!)

MRS. PORTER

He admits we're on the wrong course.

KOVAC

Admits? He's only saying what he said before.

MRS. PORTER

I had to drag it out of him, but he says --

KOVAC

I don't care what he says.

RITTENHOUSE

But suppose he's right?

KOVAC

That's my funeral.

MRS. PORTER

No it isn't! It's Gus's funeral!

Her loud voice wakes Gus. He looks around trying to conceal from the others the torment of his amputated leg.

GUS

(weakly)

Hey, wait a minute! What is this?

Rittenhouse comes over to him and bends down with his best professional bedside manner.

RITTENHOUSE

(much too heartily)

Well, fella, how do you feel?

Pain is written in Gus's eyes, but he makes the letter "O" with his tongue and index finger and clicks his tongue -- the classic gesture meaning "tops!"

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont. 5)

GUS

In the pink -- outside of a little  
hangover.

(he eyes the piece  
of cigar in Ritten-  
house's mouth)

Right now I'd give the other leg  
for a cigarette.

Kovac looks at Mrs. Porter. She reaches in her pocket,  
produces her cigarette case, opens it and looks into it.

123 INSERT: CIGARETTE CASE

Only one cigarette left in it.

124 BACK TO SHOT

Mrs. Porter takes the last cigarette from the case and  
leans forward to place it between Gus's lips. As she  
gets out her lighter Gus is looking down at his ampu-  
tated leg.

GUS

Guess maybe I lost a little weight,  
huh?

Mrs. Porter straightens and Gus takes a deep puff on the  
cigarette. Then he winces and stifles a moan of anguish.  
Alice puts her hand in a gesture of comfort on his  
shoulder.

ALICE

You'll be all right, Gus. He did  
a swell job.

GUS

He sure did.

He looks up at the German. Agony is written in his eyes,  
but he manages a grin.

GUS

(to the German)

Danke schoen.

(to Kovac)

Well, Skipper, how soon do we get  
to Bermuda?

Kovac is silent a moment. Suddenly there is a sense of  
hostility in the eyes of the others as they look at him,  
and he realizes it.

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

KOVAC

Pretty soon, Gus. We've got a good breeze and a favoring current. But there's a little difference of opinion about the direction we're headed.

Gus says nothing. His face is set with pain.

KOVAC

Trouble is, I'm not sure about our course. I'm only sure of one thing -- I don't trust that Nazi. There must be other submarines around, and he knows where they are. Or maybe a supply ship, and he knows where that is, too. On general principle, I'd copper anything he says. That's how I stand. Do you agree with me, Stanley?

Stanley is silent.

KOVAC

Does anybody agree with me?

He looks from one face to the other. The silence is overwhelming, damning.

125 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC

He concentrates his gaze upon:

126 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

His face is expressionless but there is the faintest gleam of mockery in his eyes.

127 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

We get a feeling now that somehow or other Kovac, and not the German, is the one isolated, in quarantine, a leper. He fixes his gaze on:

128 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

His face a mask of pain, he answers the unspoken question in Kovac's eyes.

GUS

You're the skipper.

To conceal his anguish he turns his head away.

(CONTINUED)



129 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP  
Kovac sinks to a seat on the thwart.

KOVAC  
(tiredly)  
All right Sparks, follow the  
German's course.

The German lowers his head to conceal the manifest triumph in his eyes.

130 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - JOE

From the expression in his eyes, and the faintest shaking of the head, involuntarily he expresses disapproval of Kovac's decision. But he says nothing.

131 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE RUDDER

We see it turn, changing the course of the boat.

132 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE COMPASS

As the course of the boat is shifted we see the needle moving slightly.

133 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He lifts his head and as he puts the watch-compass back into his pocket, he takes a deep breath of the breeze that is now sending the lifeboat in the direction he wants.

DISSOLVE TO:

134 EXT. SKY (NIGHT) - FULL SHOT

The sky is star-studded. CAMERA PANS DOWN, past the stern of the lifeboat, where Stanley is at the tiller, then DOWN past him to the bottom of the boat, CENTERING on Mrs. Porter. She is stretched out on the boat bottom, her eyes closed, apparently asleep. Her head rests on one arm so that her face is quite close to the jewelled bracelet. Something causes her to stir and awake, and as her eyes open and focus on something offscene, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Alice, propped up against one side of the boat and looking fixedly at Mrs. Porter. The dangling feet of Stanley are in the shot.

ALICE

(a little embarrassed)  
I was admiring your bracelet.

Mrs. Porter's head relaxes back again to its former position.

MRS. PORTER

A gift from my husband.

ALICE

It's gorgeous.

MRS. PORTER

(for the record)  
My first husband.

Her eyes close again and it seems she has gone to sleep, but she hasn't, for presently she speaks again, abruptly but without opening her eyes.

MRS. PORTER

I'm glad the freighter was torpedoed.

ALICE

(startled)  
What?

MRS. PORTER

That's what you said yesterday.

Alice is silent.

MRS. PORTER

Funny thing to say.

ALICE

I didn't mean it exactly.

MRS. PORTER

What did you mean, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

ALICE

I only meant I was rather glad that we -- well, I wasn't particularly anxious to get to London.

MRS. PORTER

What are you afraid of in London?

ALICE

Myself.

Mrs. Porter's eyes open, and she thinks on this for an instant.

ALICE

I mean, it's a personal problem. In other words --

MRS. PORTER

I know, I know. Genus Homo, male.

ALICE

And married -- but not to me.

MRS. PORTER

You call that a problem?

ALICE

It is to me.

MRS. PORTER

Fiddlesticks.

(closes her eyes again,  
settling herself to sleep  
then, drowsily)

I don't want to pry into your affairs, but do you know what's the matter with you? You've been reading Kipling -- an incredible old stuffed shirt.

135 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE

In this ANGLE the legs of Stanley dangle into the scene behind her.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

"The sins that you do two by two, you shall pay for one by one." Now who do you suppose told Kipling that? Probably dear old Queen Victoria. I don't know who the guy is, but I know men -- especially married men. Some of my best friends --

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.)

There is a silence, then a tiny snore. Alice reacts to this, then looks at the feet dangling behind her, swinging gently. Then as her eyes go up, CAMERA TILTS UP, taking in Stanley.

STANLEY

Mrs. Nylon been at you again?

Alice doesn't answer. She gets up and takes a seat by him at the tiller.

STANLEY

The way that woman pries into everybody's affairs!

ALICE

I didn't mind. I wanted to talk. Maybe that's why I'm all mixed up -- because I've never told anybody.

She looks at him steadily for a moment, as if debating something.

ALICE

I think I'd rather tell you than anybody.

Tears glint in her eyes. She is unaware of the bleak despair in his eyes.

ALICE

His name is Stephen. He's a doctor. We worked in the same hospital. All the time I knew he was married. His wife was a fine woman, and they have two beautiful children. So you see it was hopeless, quite hopeless.

She turns away and puts the back of her hand to her eyes. He has to struggle inwardly with an overwhelmingly impulse to put his arms around her and comfort her. But he manages to speak quite matter-of-factly.

STANLEY

Go ahead, cry a bit -- do you<sup>t</sup> good.

ALICE

We both decided to forget about it. And when he enlisted and was sent to London, I was glad. I tried to forget him but I couldn't. He wrote me several times. I never answered. And then I was assigned to London, myself. I knew if we met there, away from home, away from everything --

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont. 1)

ALICE (Cont.)

(she breaks off  
suddenly)

I'm sorry. Maybe I'd better wait  
till I get home, and take it up  
with Mr. Whosis on the Good Will  
Hour.

His head is bent over his chest. We can't see the  
expression on his face.

STANLEY

That's an interesting program.  
Sometimes it's funny -- sometimes  
it isn't a bit. People are in  
trouble, they turn themselves in-  
side out, and they seem to feel  
better when they get some sort of  
an answer.

ALICE

Even if they don't get an answer  
they feel better. Thank you,  
Stanley.

His head comes up. He smiles.

STANLEY

Lovely night, isn't it?  
(he looks up)  
Lots of stars out.

She looks up, too.

ALICE

When I was a kid I used to try and  
count 'em. Wasn't that silly?

STANLEY

Not at all. You could've done it.

ALICE

Millions and millions of 'em?

STANLEY

Less than five thousand are visible  
to the naked eye, and you can't see  
more than half of 'em at any one time.

ALICE

Really?

STANLEY

If you wanted to see all five thousand  
of 'em on any one night, you'd have to  
be at the equator and watch from sunset  
to sunrise.

135 (Cont. 2)

ALICE

If I'm ever around the equator I'll remember that.

STANLEY

Of course, if you had a telescope it'd be different. With a good telescope you could see about one hundred million stars. Most of 'em are pretty far away from us. The one nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, and that's twenty-five trillion miles away.

ALICE

You know a good deal about the stars, don't you?

STANLEY

I got most of it from my father.

ALICE

He was interested in astronomy?

STANLEY

He devoted his whole life to it, you might say -- forty years with the Greenwich Observatory.

ALICE

Head of it, you mean?

STANLEY

Astronomer Royal?

(tongue in cheek)

Well, not exactly. He was the night watchman... It's a wonderful hobby -- keeps you from being lonely when you're at sea. It's nice knowing their names, and how far away they are and when they're due for a visit. The night before we were torpedoed, Nolan -- he was my first --

ALICE

Yes, I met him on the boat. He was telling me all about his home in Bermuda, and how it's changed since the war. They've got automobiles in Bermuda now, for the first time -- army trucks. And he told me --

She stops, struck by the strange expression on his face as he looks up at the stars.

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont. 3)

ALICE

What is it?

He looks at her.

STANLEY

Nolan's wife was having a baby.

ALICE

(bewildered)

A baby?

STANLEY

I remember his saying if we would only continue our course we would land in Bermuda and he'd have a chance to find out whether it was a boy or a girl. I remember when Nolan pointed our course over the bow, I saw the planet Mars low on the horizon.

She looks up at:

136 EXT. SKY (NIGHT) - FULL SHOT

Taking in the sea and horizon, halfway to the zenith and featuring two prominent stars -- Mars to the right and Venus to the left.

STANLEY'S VOICE

See there -- that's Mars to the right, and that's Venus --

137 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Taking in the prow of the lifeboat and above it the star Venus, with Mars slightly to starboard. Stanley's voice is low but tense with excitement.

STANLEY

We're heading for Venus, we're going East --

Their eyes come down and they look at each other.

STANLEY

We're not heading for Bermuda. We're heading to miss Bermuda.

With one accord their eyes go over to:

138 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

On his face there is a smile, as if in his dreams he knows that all is well -- Heil Hitler!

139 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Taking in the prow of the boat and above it the stars  
Venus and Mars.

STANLEY

We'll see about that.

He bears down on the tiller. We see the prow of the  
lifeboat swing away from Venus and bear on Mars.

DISSOLVE TO:



140 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING - FULL SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

SHOOTING PAST the sleeping German in the bow, TOWARD the others grouped at the stern. In the distance we see that a sharp change has come over the weather. In the course of the scene the threatening storm will become a reality. The wind has risen considerably and the lifeboat rides in an augmented swell. The group at the stern are looking toward the sleeping German on the other side of the boat.

141 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT AT STERN

Stanley is at the tiller and occasionally through the scene we see him tugging hard at the tiller to keep the boat as steady as possible in the rising sea. Over the SHOT we hear the whine of the rising wind.

GUS

Now you know why I changed my name to Smith.

RITTENHOUSE

I still say let's not condemn the man without a hearing. Perhaps the course he gave us is wrong, but that doesn't prove anything. He might have been mistaken.

MRS. PORTER

Yes, after all when I questioned him yesterday he didn't want to commit himself. He said one couldn't be sure without a compass.

RITTENHOUSE

The thing to do is to wake him up and question him.

KOVAC

What for? You'll get nothing but lies! That's what he was brought up on.

RITTENHOUSE

I was brought up on the idea a man's innocent until he's proved guilty.

KOVAC

What do you want me to do -- appoint one of us to be his lawyer?

RITTENHOUSE

Don't you see -- without a compass --

ALICE

(interrupting)

Mrs. Porter --

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

Mrs. Porter turns to face her.

ALICE

Remember, yesterday, after the operation, you looked at your wristwatch and told the German the time?

MRS. PORTER

(martyred)

Yes--?

ALICE

Did he ask you the time?

MRS. PORTER

Of course he did.

ALICE

(almost to herself)

That's funny.

MRS. PORTER

What's funny about it?

ALICE

He had a watch of his own.

RITTENHOUSE

What of it?

ALICE

If he had a watch, why did he have to ask Mrs. Porter for the time?

RITTENHOUSE

What does that prove? Lots of times I have a watch in my pocket and I ask somebody for the time. Lots of people do that. It saves time.

ALICE

But he looked at his own watch just before he asked Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER

Maybe his own watch had stopped.

STANLEY

I remember when he asked for the time he took a squint at the sun.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont. 1)

RITTENHOUSE

Are you trying to convict a man  
just because he looked at the sun?  
Is it a crime to ask for the time?

KOVAC

Certainly not.  
(blandly)  
What time is it?

MRS. PORTER

(consults watch)  
Ten after seven.

KOVAC

I think you're slow.

MRS. PORTER

(indignantly)  
Slow! That's a Phillipe Patek --

KOVAC

I want to know what time it is by  
the German's watch.

MRS. PORTER

Well, wake him up and ask him.

GUS

You don't have to wake him up. Not  
with Joe around.

He's looking quite fixedly at Joe who grows increasingly  
nervous and makes an effort to avoid Gus's eyes. Gus  
high-signs Kovac, who nods.

KOVAC

Joe --

JOE

Yes, sir?

KOVAC

Operate.

JOE

Huh?

KOVAC

Do your stuff.

Joe's face is eloquent of puzzled innocence, with an  
overtone of panic.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont. 2)

JOE

What stuff? I don't know what you mean.

GUS

He means frisk the mugg for his biscuit.

JOE

(reproachfully)

You know I quit that stuff a long time ago.

KOVAC

But this is an emergency. The folks'll understand.

RITTENHOUSE

(puzzled)

Understand what?

GUS

Joe used to be one o' the best all-round -

JOE

Hush your mouth! You got no right bringing up what used to be.

MRS. PORTER

It's all right, Joe -- some of my best friends -

JOE

But I made me a pledge -- a solemn pledge -

KOVAC

(mock sternness)

Do you want to commit mutiny?

JOE

(mournfully)

Is it an order?

KOVAC

It's an order.

Morosely Joe turns and looks toward the German offscene.

JOE

I can't. The man's asleep.

KOVAC

Well, that's a break, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont. 3)

JOE

It's like shooting a sitting duck,

KOVAC

Quit stalling.

(impatiently)

If your conscience bothers you,  
wake him up -- only get the ticker.

Joe looks unhappily at the others, then looks again toward the German. There's a momentary lull in the wind. Joe reaches for his flute.

142 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - JOE

He goes into a spirited rendition of "Ach du Leiber Augustine," fortissimo.

143 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

The music wakes him up and he sits up listening, then looks toward the group.

144 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT, TOP ANGLE

The people at the stern turn away half guiltily, so that Joe may proceed on his nefarious enterprise without being openly observed. The boat is now rolling a bit and Joe has difficulty negotiating the distance between him and the German. From the point of view of the people at the stern, we see him reach the German, who watches the approach without moving or changing his expression. As he reaches the German, the pitching of the boat causes Joe to stumble against the German. The people in the stern hear his mumbled "excuse me, I'm sorry," then Joe turns and as he starts on his stumbling way back to them:

145 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT AT STERN

Joe comes into the SHOT and hands Kovac the German's watch. As Kovac examines it, the others bend to look at it too.

146 INSERT: THE GERMAN'S WATCH

As Kovac's hand snaps the case open we see it isn't a watch at all, but a compass.

KOVAC'S VOICE

Now you know the right time.

Kovac's other hand comes into the SHOT with his jackknife. And as the blade of the jackknife comes open:

147 BACK TO SHOT

They are so concerned with the proof of the German's treachery, and the murderous implication of the open jackknife in Kovac's hand that they don't notice the imminent menace of the rising storm.

RITTENHOUSE

(horrified,  
to Kovac)

What are you going to do?

KOVAC

(grimly)

What do you think we're going to do?

RITTENHOUSE

Don't say WE!

(violently)

You'll never get me to consent to anything like that!

KOVAC

I'm not consulting you. I'm not consulting anybody.

RITTENHOUSE

(gulping)

But, Kovac, it's murder -

The wind is rising. They have to raise their voices to be heard.

STANLEY

Execution isn't murder.

Alice is as terrified as though it was she that was going to be killed instead of the German.

ALICE

(frantically)

No, we can't! We mustn't!

MRS. PORTER

Why can't we tie him up - Keep a watch on him -

GUS

Let him have it, Kovac!

MRS. PORTER

(raising her voice)

I'm not defending the man, but why can't you do it in the night, so that in the morning --

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.)

KOVAC

(shouting her down)

What are you so squeamish about?  
We're at war, aren't we? You've  
been there, you've seen them killed,  
haven't you?

MRS. PORTER

(out-shouting him)

In battle, yes, but not in cold  
blood, like this --

Joe's sudden yell drowns her out.

JOE

LOOK OUT!

148 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY, AT TILLER

The warning shout from Joe refers to the bellying sail  
offscene. A sudden powerful upsurge of wind pulls out  
the cleat to which the sail rope is tied. A huge wave  
comes over the bow of the boat as the whipping sail,  
offscene, carries Stanley, who has hold of the end of  
the sail rope, overboard.

149 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

The following action is simultaneous: Alice clambers to  
the side of the boat over which Stanley has just been  
swept, to try to help him: Gus grabs hold of the side  
of the boat to keep from being thrown from the thwart:  
Kovac and Joe rush over to the sail and grab hold of the  
sail rope to ease the violent pull on Stanley which might  
yank his arm off otherwise; and also to keep the belly-  
ing sail from breaking the mast: Mrs. Porter works her  
way toward Gus, to help him: Rittenhouse clings to the  
thwart near which he was seated, half-drowned from the  
wave that entered the boat: And from the bow end of the  
boat the German makes his way, grabbing an oar as he does  
so, continuing on to the tiller.

150 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE

As she leans over the side of the boat to try and reach  
Stanley, to help him, he is swept past her by the pull  
of the rope from the bellying sail. CAMERA PANS OVER TO:

151 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND GUS

Mrs. Porter desperately tries to keep Gus from falling  
off the thwart. As she holds onto him we see the head  
of Stanley, in the water behind them go by, pulled by  
the sail rope. CAMERA PANS OVER TO:

152 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - TWO SHOT - KOVAC AND JOE

With all their strength they hold onto the sail rope. Back of them, in the sea, Stanley comes into the SHOT and Kovac rushes over to the side of the boat to haul him in. As he starts pulling on the rope:

153 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Standing up in the stern of the boat and manipulating it to avoid the danger of capsizing, caused by the out-of-control sail. From his point of view we see:

154 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT

A huge wave tosses Stanley right back into the boat again, and at the same time knocking Gus off the thwart into the bottom of the lifeboat. For an instant they are all but obliterated by the water which has swept into the boat.

155 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Struggling with the steering oar to keep the boat from capsizing, his eyes are on:

156 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - KOVAC, GUS AND JOE

Joe lets go the sheet rope to help Kovac pick Gus up and sit him on the thwart next to the sail. They find some rope and start to lash Gus to the mast.

157 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE, STANLEY AND RITTENHOUSE

As Alice is helping Stanley up from the bottom of the boat, Rittenhouse reaches for a nearby life jacket and starts trying to get into it.

158 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

She stares with dismay at her beautiful suit, now drenched with sea water. We get the feeling that tragedy has finally reached her. She spots her alligator-skin box in the water the boat has shipped, and struggles to lift it to a thwart.

159 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

LOW CAMERA ANGLE. An enormous figure against the storm-ridden sky, the German stands struggling with the steering oar. His face as black as the storm clouds behind him, the German yells furiously.

THE GERMAN

You fools, stop thinking about yourselves -- think of the boat!



160 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

ANGLE from the German's point of view.

THE GERMAN

Joe, take the sheet -- make it fast!  
Kovac, man the pump! The rest of  
you bail!

Joe starts to make the sheet rope fast around a section of the thwart. Kovac goes to the pump. In the general excitement nobody, even the German himself, is aware of his sudden lapse into perfectly good English. We get the feeling that, automatically and without thinking about it, the others have relinquished the destiny of the lifeboat into the hands of the German. The storm has reached full fury now. The German is doing a superb job with the steering oar. Just as before he had the look of a surgeon, master of his vocation, now he has the look of a sailor, master of his avocation. The boat is shipping water and the German is exerting superhuman effort to keep it from being swamped. There's no doubt about his satisfaction in having reversed the situation immediately preceding the storm. Gus, being the only one unoccupied, is the first to realize this.

161 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Looking offscene toward the German, his mouth open.

GUS

What do you know? We got a Fuehrer!

162 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

Kovac at the pump, Mrs. Porter still struggling to protect her baggage.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

You!--Never mind that baggage! Start  
bailing!

They realize at the same instant the fact of the German's extraordinary lapse into English. They look at each other, then look offscene toward the German.

MRS. PORTER

(to the German)

You speak English?

163 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

THE GERMAN

Of course, I speak English.

164 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

ANGLE from the German's point of view. Now they are all looking at the German, astounded at the revelation of his duplicity and stunned at the full impact of the fact of his taking charge. Rittenhouse is still struggling ineffectually to get into the life jacket.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Rittenhouse!

Rittenhouse looks up.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Forget about your life jacket, get busy!

A wave smashes against Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE

(mouth full of water)

Glob -

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Come on, get busy -- everybody bail!

Rittenhouse is now struggling to get out of the half-donned life jacket. Kovac works the pump. The others find whatever they can to bail with and start bailing.

165 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE, STANLEY AND ALICE

Rittenhouse is struggling to get out of his life jacket. Alice and Stanley are bailing.

STANLEY

We'll never make it.

RITTENHOUSE

(gasping)

Yes, we will -

He looks up toward:

165A INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN (FLASH)

Wrestling with the storm.

165B INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE, STANLEY AND ALICE

RITTENHOUSE

He'll pull us through.

The boat rises sharply on one side.

(CONTINUED)

165B (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

(screaming)

Ritti!--Help me!

Her alligator-skin case comes into the SHOT, crashing into the side of the boat and breaking open, scattering all of her possessions about -- jewelry, makeup, notes, pads and everything else in the box. Mrs. Porter, on hands and knees, comes into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER

(an anguished moan)

My things...

Rittenhouse opens his mouth to say something and the cigar drops from his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE

(agonized)

My cigar!

165C INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. PORTER

Together they start searching in the water, sloshing about in the lifeboat bottom -- he for his cigar, she for her possessions. Mrs. Porter resurrects a comb and holds it in her mouth as she frantically searches in the water, as one scrambling in sand for something, and comes up with a lipstick. Rittenhouse finds the lost cigar and clamps it back in again between his teeth.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Rittenhouse! Lash down that food!

He moves to obey the order, crawling on hands and knees to where the food is. A lurch of the boat and a wave pauses Rittenhouse to fall flat on his face in the boat bottom. As he starts to pick himself up:

165D INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Tied to the mast which is now swaying gently. As Gus, helpless, and racked with pain looks up, CAMERA MOVES UP to take in the upper section of the mast, swaying under the pull of the billowing sail.

165E INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Stanley's eyes are on something offscene as he yells out:

STANLEY

There goes the grub!

165F INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE

Making a futile grab after the food supply as it is washed overboard.

165G INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Looking up at the swaying mast above him, utterly helpless.

165H INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Lurching with the pitching of the boat, as he bails, he yells out a warning:

JOE

The water breaker!

165I INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

The mast now sways more violently than before. Suddenly there's a grinding noise and Gus's eyes involuntarily close, as CAMERA TILTS UP, and the mast topples over toward the bow. The break occurs directly over Gus's head, leaving him tied to the unbroken section of the mast.

165J INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Behind him a giant wave is coming and he exerts all his strength to keep the mastless lifeboat from being capsized by the onrushing wave.

165K INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

She sees the approaching giant wave and instinctively cowers back for the protection of Kovac's arms. Kovac lets go of the pump and grabs her, bracing for the shock of the onrushing wave. The lifeboat twists convulsively, throwing Kovac right on top of Mrs. Porter.

KOVAC

We might as well go down together,  
eh, Connie?

Their lips come together. A huge wave comes over the lifeboat, engulfing them. As CAMERA MOVES CLOSER the surging water of the huge wave FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN. We HOLD on this for an appreciable interval -- perhaps twenty feet -- before we:

DISSOLVE TO:

166 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT

As the placid, glassy sea is in strong contrast to its storm-tossed mood just seen, so is the stillness in contrast to the howling of the wind just heard. Again the sun is shining, the sky blue and cloudless. In the distance we see the lifeboat, with somebody, we can't see who, rowing it. The dead quiet is broken only by a tiny, at first unidentifiable, sound.

167 EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

Now we know at least that the German has survived. He is rowing and lustily singing a familiar old German folk song, a song of the Germany that was. And we know there must be somebody else alive on the lifeboat since he is being accompanied by the music of a flute.

168 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

ANGLE OF CAMERA is such that, as he bends forward each time to row, the hands holding the oars come DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA, then BACK FROM CAMERA, creating a queer illusion in perspective. The German's hands, clasped about the oars, become huge as they approach CAMERA, giving an impression of strength and vitality. The German rows with powerful, methodical strokes, and as he sings he is looking at:

169 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

- as seen by the German. In contrast to his own strength and vitality, the others in the lifeboat are inert -- a huddled mass, some lying in the boat, some half sitting-- a composition of exhaustion and apathy.

Rittenhouse is playing the flute. Next to him is Joe. Instantly we get the feeling of time lapse through the fact that Rittenhouse's beard has sprouted considerably since the last time we saw him. The tycoon looks a good deal like a beachcomber now. He has taken off his shoes and socks, his coat, shirt and undershirt, and the sun of several days has tanned his body (as it has all the others, except Joe's) a rich brown.

Joe has found or constructed, a fishing line and, using a piece of sail canvas as bait, is fishing. Joe, however, is not concerned at the moment with his fishing. He's looking at Rittenhouse with an expression of approval which indicates the pride of a teacher in the accomplishment of his pupil.

Alice has done her hair up, using a piece of string as a hair ribbon. She is gazing out to sea. Stanley is looking at her with an expression which clearly tells that he has fallen completely and unequivocally in love with her.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont)

We get the feeling he's itching to put his arms around her, to embrace her in some way, and that it requires all of his self control not to do so. He compromises by reaching forward and undoing the makeshift hair bow by pulling at one end. Alice turns and gives him a tired, tolerant little smile. Gus has managed to get himself into a position where he can look down into the water. He seems hypnotised by it.

Kovac is stretched out on the bottom of the boat, his back against a thwart. His eyes are fixed on the German. Mrs. Porter lies near him, her head in his lap.

The German concludes his song. Rittenhouse lowers the flute and looks up at him.

RITTENHOUSE

How'd I do, Willi?

THE GERMAN

(smiling)

Fine, Ritt, fine! You are a born accompanist.

His speech in English is taken now as a matter of course. He has only the slightest accent. His whole attitude and demeanor has changed. There's a cute gopher-like quality about his smile. There's only one word to describe him now: Gematlich.

JOE

Mr. Ritt, you didn't make a single mistake -- hardly.

RITTENHOUSE

I know what you mean -- that part in here --

He starts tooting on the flute again -- an elderly child with a new toy.

JOE

(approvingly)

That's it -- that's it.

Kovac shoves Mrs. Porter's head off his lap and bursts into a roar of laughter. They all stare at him, alarmed.

KOVAC

(through gusts of laughter)

Ritt, you're a born accompanist!  
We're all born accompanists! How'd  
I do, Willi?

He chokes with uncontrollable mirth.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 1)

GUS

Slap-happy.

MRS. PORTER

You silly goon, what're you laughing about?

KOVAC

That's one for the book -- your book -- only when you write it, they won't believe you. Our enemy -- our prisoner of war -- and now we're his prisoners, and he's gauleiter of the boat, singing German lullabies to us while he rows us to his supply ship and a concentration camp.

(to the German)

Tell 'em, Willi, tell 'em how funny that is.

THE GERMAN

(frowning)

That is not funny. That is logical. During the storm we were blown quite a bit off our course. Without a sail it would take us weeks to get to Bermuda.

RITTENHOUSE

Certainly. It's perfectly logical. The supply ship's our only chance.

KOVAC

You know how I feel about that -- I'd rather take my chances with the sharks. But he'll never make it. Without food and water how long do you think he can keep on rowing like this?

THE GERMAN

Long enough, Mr. Kovac, to reach my objective.

RITTENHOUSE

(anxiously)

You're sure, Willi?

(to the others)

Maybe one of us had better try to relieve you at the oars.

THE GERMAN

That is not necessary.

STANLEY

Maybe I can spell you for a while.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 2)

THE GERMAN

(peremptorily)

I'll row.

ALICE

How can you keep rowing, Willi, hour  
after hour, when the rest of us can  
hardly lift an oar?

KOVAC

(sarcastically)

It's the master race -- the Herrenvolk.  
Don't you know they can do anything?

RITTENHOUSE

(staring at the German)

I'm beginning to believe it.

THE GERMAN

(grinning)

Right living is what does it.

(he winks to

Mrs. Porter)

Or, as the French say -- Qui tot  
se couche bien se porte.  
(Who goes to bed early always feels  
well.)

MRS. PORTER

Sacre bleu! You speak French, also?

THE GERMAN

Oh yes, I spent some time in Paris.

MRS. PORTER

(a little venomously)

Oh, yes.

(she studies him a  
moment)

Tell me, Willi -- why didn't you  
speak English when you first got on  
the boat?

THE GERMAN

Well, you see -

(he smiles)

I didn't know then whether I could  
trust you or not.

Mrs. Porter reacts to this extraordinary statement, then  
lies down again. The German turns a benign eye on Gus.

THE GERMAN

Wie gehts, Herr Schmidt?

(CONTINUED)



169 (Cont. 3)

GUS

Smith's the name.

THE GERMAN

All right, Mr. Smith - how do you  
feel today?

GUS

Same as yesterday -- thirsty.

The word has a clammy effect on the others.

THE GERMAN

(to Joe)

Well, steward, anything for the com-  
missary yet?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

No sir, Willi -- nary a nibble.

THE GERMAN

Keep trying. If you catch some fish you'll not only have food, but drink. When you chew raw fish there's always a little water.

JOE

Water --

The word is a prayer. He starts to jerk on the line to make the cloth fragment jump in the water. The words of the German have put hope in his heart for a moment. Rittenhouse resumes his flute practice and Kovac reaches for Gus's discarded newspaper and starts to read it. Gus, looking up at the sky, says suddenly:

GUS

What a day for a ball game!

STANLEY

(his eyes are also  
on the sky)

There's a cloud.

GUS

St. Louie's the team to watch this year.

JOE

(a sigh)

If only we had some bait --

STANLEY

(his eyes on the  
cloud)

It's been there all day.

ALICE

(looks up)

Looks like a powder puff.

STANLEY

Sometimes they start like that and end up a nimbus.

ALICE

A nimbus?

STANLEY

A rain cloud.

GUS

St. Louie's got batters. Lookit the way Vernon Stevens been cloutin' 'em out.

RITTENHOUSE

(lowers his flute)

What about Chet Leeds? He's been knocking out plenty of homers.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.4)

KOVAC  
(from behind his  
newspaper)  
They've got some A-1 pitchers, too.

GUS  
You said it. If the Dodgers had a  
guy like Ernie Benham, or even  
Johnnie Humphreys --

JOE  
Pittsburgh's the team to watch.

GUS  
Yeah, only seventy-one points below  
St. Louie. If we take Pittsburgh  
an' St. Louie loses to Boston...  
Say, Kovac --

KOVAC  
(from behind his  
newspaper)

Yeah?

GUS  
Who d'you think'll pitch for  
Pittsburgh today?

Kovac lowers his newspaper and stares at Gus. Joe and  
Rittenhouse exchange a glance, then look at Gus. We get  
the feeling this isn't the first time Gus's mind has  
wandered.

KOVAC  
I don't know. I haven't been fol-  
lowing the games much this season.

GUS  
It'll probably be Newsom for the  
Dodgers. Maybe Sewell for Pitt.

RITTENHOUSE  
(trying hard to keep  
his voice natural)  
Probably Sewell.

GUS  
I hope so. I think I'll take Rosie.

RITTENHOUSE  
(humoring him)  
Where to, Gus?

GUS  
Ebbets Field. It'll be a good game  
this afternoon.

He closes his eyes and his head goes back against the  
thwart.

STANLEY  
(under his breath)  
Off the beam again.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont. 5)

To cover his uneasiness Rittenhouse turns to the German.

RITTENHOUSE

Willi, how about another song?

THE GERMAN

(jovially)

Certainly. What would you like, my friend? Do you know "Rosslein auf der Heide"?

RITTENHOUSE

How does it go?

The German hums the opening bars.

RITTENHOUSE

Oh, that? Sure!

He starts to play the tune. The German begins to sing.

170 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

singing the lovely old German song.

171 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

He has managed to get himself in a position where he can look down into the water. He licks his dry lips and the craving in his eyes is painful as he sees:

172 INSERT - THE WATER

Cool, tempting, glistening green. The song of the German and the music of the flute come into the SHOT.

173 BACK TO SHOT

The expression on Gus's face is obscene with desire as he looks at the water. Then he turns and looks about him. Near him is an empty tin can. He reaches for it.

174 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - KOVAC AND MRS. PORTER

Kovac is seated in the bottom of the boat, his back against the thwart. Mrs. Porter is stretched out near him. Her blouse is open, revealing just enough of her bosom to show the sharp demarcation between the pearly white natural color of her skin and the sharply defined line of rich tan which she has acquired during the interval since the storm. She's not at all unaware of the fact that Kovac has rather a good view of her charm from the angle at which he sits. Kovac tries valiantly not to look, but nevertheless his eyes keep straying to where they shouldn't. What he sees does not by any means exercise a tranquilizing effect.

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

The expression on Mrs. Porter's face doesn't help any either. Her eyes have that cloudy enigmatic look which has disturbed men ever since Eve. It disturbs Kovac now and he reaches for the tattered remnants of Gus's newspaper which lies nearby, and puts it up before him as a shield to protect him. The German concludes his song and goes directly into another one: "Du, Du liegst mir im Herzen".

## THE GERMAN'S VOICE

(singing)

Du, Du liegst mir im Herzen,  
Du, Du liegst mir im Sinn -  
(You, you are in my heart,  
(You, you are in my mind - )

175 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Alice is looking out to sea. Stanley is looking as though hypnotized at the bit of string with which Alice has tied up her hair. We get the feeling of an intense longing on his part to undo it.

## THE GERMAN'S VOICE

(singing)

Du, Du machst mir viel Schmerzen,  
Weisst nicht wie gut ich Dir bin.  
(You, you are causing me great pain,  
(Not knowing how I care for you.)

Stanley reaches up and undoes the string. Alice turns and looks at him. Stanley is much disconcerted, as though caught in the act of committing a misdemeanor, if not a felony.

## ALICE

(smiling)

Stanley, why do you like to do that?

## STANLEY

I don't know.

176 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

looking around, searching for something - reaches down and picks up a shoe - the shoe which came off his amputated leg. He stares at it a moment, then begins to remove from it the shoelace. He then begins to tie the shoelace to the tin can in such a manner as to be able to use it for a dipper. His actions are furtive and stealthy. His intent is obvious. The German's song comes over the SHOT.

177 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

From her many possessions she seems to have salvaged a lipstick and a small hand mirror. She's using them, but as

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

she does so, with her bare toes she is slyly tickling the bare feet of Kovac. The newspaper in front of him prevents us from seeing his reaction, but his knees come up to get away from her provocative footwork. She looks at the back of the newspaper thoughtfully and changes her position so she's directly in front of it.

178 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

As he concludes his song. He is very much interested in:

179 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

He is reading the newspaper. Softly she quotes:

MRS. PORTER

I burn my candle at both ends,  
it will not last the night.

180 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC

Intent upon the editorial page of the newspaper.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,  
it gives a lovely light.

There is no response from Kovac. The editorial must be engrossing indeed. Suddenly a finger comes through the editorial. As he stares at it, CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see it's Mrs. Porter's finger. With the other hand she reaches up and deliberately takes the newspaper out of Kovac's hand and throws it aside. She nudges perceptibly closer to him.

181 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

He has fixed the shoelace onto the tin can, and now, furtively, he starts lowering it into the sea.

182 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He has been watching Gus, now he turns to look at:

183 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - ALICE AND STANLEY

Alice is fussing with her hair, trying to do it up again with the bit of string. Stanley is looking up at the sky.

STANLEY

Does it look to you as if those clouds  
are darkening up?

ALICE

(looks up)

At the center, a bit.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

STANLEY

Those are really rain clouds this time.

ALICE

I hope so, for Gus's sake.

STANLEY

Yes, if we could only get Gus back to his Rosie.

Alice, with a sudden petulant gesture, throws the bit of string overboard.

ALICE

I despise Rosie.

STANLEY

You know her?

ALICE

No, but it's obvious what she is. Here's Gus, crazy in love with her -- the kind of love every woman dreams about -- and what does she do? The minute his back is turned, this Al Magaroulia --

STANLEY

But maybe she's in love with Magaroulia.

ALICE

Then why does she keep Gus dangling on a string? That's the cruelest thing a woman can do.

STANLEY

But sometimes a woman isn't sure. Rosie might like Gus a lot -- an awful lot -- and yet, Magaroulia --

ALICE

I can see you don't know very much about women. When a woman's in love she knows it, and she lets nothing stand in her way.

STANLEY

That's what Connie Porter told you, isn't it?

ALICE

Yes, and it's true.

STANLEY

Then why were you glad when the freighter was torpedoed?

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont. 1)

ALICE

I don't know -- I was all mixed up.

STANLEY

Are you still glad?

ALICE

Well, I --

But she has no answer for this. She stares helplessly at Stanley. The German's voice comes into the SHOT, calling her name.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Alice!

Alice looks up.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Will you come over a minute?

Alice hesitates, looks at Stanley, then exits SHOT toward the German.

184 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Alice enters the SHOT and faces him inquiringly. Without stopping his rowing he looks at her, and his gaze has so much appraisal in it that she feels uncomfortable.

THE GERMAN

Why didn't you answer him?

ALICE

Because I didn't know the answer.

THE GERMAN

I know the answer.

(he rows an instant  
in silence)

I've been thinking very much about  
your problem with Stephen.

ALICE

(taken aback)

What do you know about Stephen?

THE GERMAN

Well, we live here in a goldfish bowl.  
I couldn't help hearing. Do you mind  
if I offer you some advice?

ALICE

(sulkily)

Why not? Everybody else has.

(CONTINUED)



184 (Cont.)

## THE GERMAN

Like your Stephen, I'm a married man. Like him, I have two children. One of them is a girl. She is about your age. When I speak to you it is the same as if I speak to her... So I say to you, ja, I did you a favor when I torpedoed your ship. I not only made it impossible for you to meet Stephen, but I made it possible for you to meet Stanley.

She follows his gaze offscene to Stanley.

## THE GERMAN

(low)

He is in love with you.

## ALICE

How do you know?

## THE GERMAN

He is always untying the string in your hair.

## ALICE

What's that got to do with it?

## THE GERMAN

Well, it's in a book by Freud.

## ALICE

I thought you burned up Freud's books long ago.

## THE GERMAN

I read them before they were burned.

She realizes suddenly that he isn't looking at her, but, with an expression of lively interest, at Gus, offscene. She follows his gaze and reacts to:

185 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Over the side of the boat he is lifting the tin can, now full of sea water. Concealing his act as well as he is able, he's about to lift the can to his lips, when Alice comes into the SHOT, just in time to take the can away from him. Gus's eyes are full of suffering as he looks up at her.

## GUS

Please, Loot, I just wanted to wet my lips a little.

(CONTINUED)

185 (Cont.)

ALICE

(pityingly)

The salt'd only make you thirstier.

GUS

(pleadingly)

Just a little sip?

ALICE

You might just as well sip poison.  
It'll kill you.

She empties the contents of the can over the side of the boat.

186 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He has lost interest in Alice and Gus and, with relish, is looking at:

187 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

With her fingertip she is retracing the largest of the various sets of initials on his chest. Kovac's eyes are fixed on the diamond bracelet on her wrist.

MRS. PORTER

M. B. ... Her initials are larger than the others. Was she the last?

Kovac doesn't answer.

MRS. PORTER

Or the first?

Silence from Kovac.

MRS. PORTER

What was her name?

No answer.

MRS. PORTER

So you won't talk, huh?

KOVAC

Where'd you get the handcuff, Mrs. Porter?

Mrs. Porter looks at the bracelet.

MRS. PORTER

You may call me Connie. You did once, during the storm - remember?

(she toys with the bracelet)

You said "we might as well go down together, eh, Connie?" I liked the way you said "Connie". It was like a punch in the jaw.

KOVAC

Tell me about the bracelet.

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER

That was a dead giveaway -- your wanting us to die together like that. Dying together is even more personal than living together.

KOVAC

What did you pay for the bracelet?

MRS. PORTER

Nothing.

KOVAC

Barter?

MRS. PORTER

You're a low person, darling, obviously out of the gutter... Maybe that's why I'm attracted to you... and maybe that's why you're attracted to me.

KOVAC

Quit slumming.

MRS. PORTER

Funny part of it is, I'm from the same gutter.

He looks at her suspiciously.

MRS. PORTER

Remember when you first got on the boat, you said you used to work in the packing house section of Chicago? Well, I came from there, too.

KOVAC

(interested)

The South side?

MRS. PORTER

Ashland Avenue, back of the yards. And I lived there until I got this.

188 INSERT: THE BRACELET ON HER WRIST

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

And it worked miracles for me.

189 BACK TO SHOT

MRS. PORTER

It took me from the South side to the North side.

With her lipstick she starts tracing something on his chest.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER

It was my passport from the stockyards to the Gold Coast. It got me social position, a fine home and servants, and clothes, the best of food and wines.

He looks at what she has lettered on his chest.

190 INSERT

The initials C.P.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

It got me everything I wanted.

1 BACK TO SHOT

Mrs. Porter's arms go around Kovac's neck and as their lips meet, CAMERA MOVES UP VERY CLOSE. Out of the corner of his eyes Kovac sees the flashing bracelet and rudely he disengages himself from Mrs. Porter's embrace.

KOVAC

Quit slumming.

With his palm he starts to rub out Mrs. Porter's initials on his chest. As he does this he calls out to Rittenhouse:

KOVAC

What about a few hands, Ritt?

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

(eager)

Okie-doak.

Kovac gets to his feet and exits. Mrs. Porter looks after him, frowning, then notices that her bracelet has come loose again. CAMERA PANS with her as she moves over to where Rittenhouse and Kovac are preparing to resume their poker game. They're playing with matches for chips. Mrs. Porter watches a moment in silence as Kovac cuts the cards for Rittenhouse, who starts dealing.

MRS. PORTER

(to Kovac)

My clasp has come loose again.

Kovac ignores her. He studies the hand dealt him and thrusts forth a match.

KOVAC

Open.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Connie, I'll fix it for you.

MRS. PORTER

Thank you, Willi.

She gives Kovac a murderous look and exits to the German.

192

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - THE GERMAN AND MRS. PORTER

The German rests on his oars as Mrs. Porter comes into the SHOT and extends her hand. He starts to work on the clasp. The voices of the poker players drift into the scene.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

Kovac, how much do I owe you?

KOVAC'S VOICE

Twelve thousand bucks.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE

Merely temporary, my friend. I'll get it back.

KOVAC'S VOICE

Deal 'em.

THE GERMAN

(working on the bracelet)

Looks like bits of ice.

MRS. PORTER

I wish they were.

THE GERMAN

They are really nothing but a few pieces of carbon crystallized under high pressure -- at great heat.

MRS. PORTER

Quite so -- if you want to be scientific about it.

THE GERMAN

I am a great believer in science.

MRS. PORTER

Like tears, for instance. They're nothing but H<sub>2</sub>O with a trace of sodium chloride.

THE GERMAN

Ja.

He notices she's not looking at him, but at Kovac, off-scene. He smiles his gopherlike smile.

THE GERMAN

He likes you. But he hates the bracelet.

He bends his head over the bracelet as he works on the clasp.

(CONTINUED)

THE GERMAN  
You will have to get rid of it.

MRS. PORTER  
The bracelet?

THE GERMAN  
Ja.

MRS. PORTER  
I've worn it for fifteen years.  
As long as I've had it, it's brought  
me nothing but good fortune.

THE GERMAN  
He hates it.

MRS. PORTER  
I wouldn't take it off for anything  
or anybody in the world.

In the silence that follows Rittenhouse's voice comes  
into the SHOT.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE  
In the old days, there was a place in  
Boston -- Young's Hotel -- had the  
best restaurant in the world.

KOVAC'S VOICE  
I'll bet it wasn't any better than  
Henrici's Coffee House in Chicago. Or  
Bookbinder's in Philly. That was  
food for you.

Mrs. Porter's face is twitching with incipient hysteria.

THE GERMAN  
There, it is fixed.

He addresses himself to the men at the poker game.

THE GERMAN  
In Munich there is a place called  
Lorber's. Their specialty is pot  
roast.

193 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE  
Pot Roast? Young's used to have a  
menu of a hundred and fifty pages.

He's unaware of the fact that Mrs. Porter is looking at  
him with loathing. He continues blithely:

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

Yes, sir, one-hundred-and-fifty  
solid pages of eatments. And what  
eatments!

KOVAC

Did you ever eat in Antoine's in  
New Orleans?

RITTENHOUSE

Doesn't compare with Young's. You  
never saw such food in your life.

The muscles on Mrs. Porter's face are twitching. She  
holds onto herself by dint of the greatest effort.

RITTENHOUSE

Especially seafood -- steamed clams  
and lobsters -- lobsters a la Newberg,  
with a special wine sauce.

MRS. PORTER

(furiously)

Ritt, shut up!

RITTENHOUSE

(surprised)

What's wrong?

MRS. PORTER

Stop jabbering about food!

She comes over, hysteria creeping into her voice.

MRS. PORTER

Isn't it enough that you lost all  
our supplies through your carelessness?

RITTENHOUSE

(injured)

Carelessness?

MRS. PORTER

Yes, stupid, criminal carelessness!

RITTENHOUSE

It wasn't me. I wasn't in charge of  
the food. Joe took care of the  
commissary.

MRS. PORTER

(with rising hysteria)

You dirty rat! Trying to shift the  
blame onto Joe!

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont. 1)

JOE

Maybe it was my fault.

MRS. PORTER

No, it wasn't!

(to Rittenhouse)

If you'd had the brains of an ant:  
you'd have taken care of it when  
you saw the storm coming.

RITTENHOUSE

(fearfully)

Connie, what's the matter with you?

KOVAC

She's all right. Just a little hungry.  
(he looks at her  
and continues)

What're you squawking about? When  
you write your book it'll make a  
swell chapter -- how it feels to be  
starving -- first person singular.  
Those are good things to write about --  
hunger and thirst -- if you really  
come from back of the yards --

She hits him across the face with all her might. He gets  
up and grabs her hand. She tears and claws at him with  
her free hand. Alice comes over with Stanley and they  
take hold of Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER

(wildly)

Kovac, why don't you kill Will!

194 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

rowing steadily. Mrs. Porter's hysterical voice comes  
into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Why don't you take your knife, as you  
said you would, and cut his throat?

195 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The rest are all looking at her as she struggles in the  
grasp of Alice and Stanley.

MRS. PORTER

(shrieking)

I'll tell you why -- you're not strong  
enough. He's made of iron and the rest  
of us are just flesh and blood -- hungry  
flesh and blood -- and thirsty!

(CONTINUED)



195 (Cont.)

Suddenly she gives up struggling and sinks, sobbing, into Alice's arms. In the silence that follows Rittenhouse and Kovac sit down to resume their poker game.

196 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - GUS

His eyes go from Mrs. Porter to the tin can with the shoelace tied to it. He reaches for it and picks it up. His motions are stealthy and surreptitious.

197 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He has turned away from his fishing during Mrs. Porter's hysteria. Now he resumes patiently yanking at the fish line.

198 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND KOVAC

Kovac looks at Rittenhouse chewing nervously on the butt of his cigar as he shuffles the cards. The sight of it seems to infuriate Kovac.

KOVAC

(explosively)

For the love of Mike, will you throw that ratty cigar stub away?

RITTENHOUSE

(glaring)

Why should I? Does it annoy you?

KOVAC

Yes, it makes me nervous watching you chew on it all the time.

RITTENHOUSE

It makes me feel good.

KOVAC

Oh, you feel good, do you? That's fine. Fine.

(he toys with the matches in front of him)

Ritt, how much money are you worth?

RITTENHOUSE

Enough to buy and sell you a million times.

KOVAC

What about raising the ante?

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

Anything you say.

KOVAC

From now on each match is a hundred dollars.

RITTENHOUSE

Anything you say.

KOVAC

Deal 'em.

Rittenhouse starts dealing.

KOVAC

How many factories do you own?

RITTENHOUSE

What business is that of yours?

KOVAC

I was just thinking - by the time we get home I might own one of them.

(he shoves a match forward)

Open for a hundred.

RITTENHOUSE

Raise you a hundred.

KOVAC

See you.

RITTENHOUSE

I'll take three.

Kovac deals Rittenhouse three cards, himself two. As he deals:

KOVAC

I think I'll go for one of your airplane plants. I've got ideas of my own about how to run a factory.

RITTENHOUSE

Into the ground.

KOVAC

We'll have a labor-management committee. We'll meet every week, and the first thing we'll do --

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont. 1)

RITTENHOUSE  
(interrupting fiercely)  
Are you trying to tell me how to run  
my factories?

KOVAC  
Not all of them -- just the one I'm  
going to run.  
(shoves forth a match)  
Bet a hundred.

RITTENHOUSE  
(viciously)  
See you.  
(turns over his hand)  
Queens.

KOVAC  
Kings.

He shows his hand and rakes in the chips. Rittenhouse  
is now staring at him with open suspicion.

RITTENHOUSE  
Funny the way you keep winning all  
the hands.

KOVAC  
I'm a lucky guy.

He shuffles the cards.

RITTENHOUSE  
Just the same, I wish we had a new  
deck....Another stack of chips.

Kovac deals out the matches, then turns to cut another  
notch in the gunwale scoreboard. Mrs. Porter comes into  
the scene. She has got hold of herself.

MRS. PORTER  
Sorry.

KOVAC  
Cut in?

MRS. PORTER  
I have no money.

KOVAC  
That's all right --  
(looks at her wrist)  
Your bracelet --

(CONTINUED)

198 (Cont. 2)

MRS. PORTER

No, thanks.

Kovac is pushing a fresh stack of matches over to Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE

What's the score?

KOVAC

Fourteen grand.

RITTENHOUSE

Let's raise the ante.

KOVAC

It's your funeral.

RITTENHOUSE

A thousand apiece?

KOVAC

Right.

RITTENHOUSE

Deal 'em.

Kovac deals. As Rittenhouse picks up his hand:

199 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE

He looks at his hand and reacts to:

200 INSERT: RITTENHOUSE'S HAND

Three deuces and a pair of face cards.

201 BACK TO SHOT

Rittenhouse tries hard to cover up his excitement at the three deuces by assuming what he thinks is a poker face.

RITTENHOUSE

Open for a thousand.

Kovac studies his hand a moment.

KOVAC

Raise you two.

Rittenhouse looks at his hand again, then looks up, sadistic glee in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

Raise you two.

The faces of Stanley, Joe and Alice come into the SHOT to join Mrs. Porter in observing what seems to be an epochal hand in this protracted poker game. No banker foreclosing a mortgage could feel more satisfaction than Rittenhouse does as Kovac debates whether or not to continue. The others, too, for the moment have forgotten their hunger and thirst and the death that hangs over them as they watch.

KOVAC

See you. How many cards?

RITTENHOUSE

Two.

KOVAC

(deals him two)

Some day you'll learn it don't pay to hold a kicker -- if you live long enough.

He deals himself three cards. Rittenhouse looks at his hand and we see him swallow hard. Fortunately for him Kovac is looking at his own hand and doesn't see this.

202 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE

Looking at his cards held in a trembling hand.

203 INSERT: RITTENHOUSE'S HAND

He has picked up a fourth deuce.

204 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT AT POKER GAME

Rittenhouse tries hard to keep his voice under control.

RITTENHOUSE

Well, I guess I'll keep the pikers out. Bet five.

Mrs. Porter, who has been leaning back apathetically, now sits up and takes notice. Kovac looks at Rittenhouse, then at his own hand.

205 INSERT: KOVAC'S HAND

A full house.

206 BACK TO SHOT

KOVAC

Matched your kicker, eh?

RITTENHOUSE

(breathing hard)

Five's the bet. Going to see me?

KOVAC

And raise you five.

He shoves over the matches. Rittenhouse looks at his cards again to make sure of what he has. Now he can't keep the satisfaction out of his voice.

RITTENHOUSE

Now you're talking my language.  
I'll up you ten.

He shoves in his two remaining matches and draws aside eight to indicate the amount he's shy in the pot. Mrs. Porter is now watching with something approaching animation. The other kibitzers await Kovac's move. Kovac is studying Rittenhouse's face. He looks up at Mrs. Porter. She's watching him with a faint sneer on her lips. The sneer is what decides him.

KOVAC

I'll see your ten and raise you one.

He shoves forth the matches. Rittenhouse now drops all pretense.

RITTENHOUSE

(gloatingly)

Kovac, this is the moment I've been waiting for. I've got you over a barrel.

(puts his cards face  
down before him on the  
seat and leans forward)

We'll do the bookkeeping later. I'm raising you all the chips you've got -- plus all the money I owe you --

Kovac hesitates. We get the feeling he's about to fold.

MRS. PORTER

(deliberately goading)

Kovac, I think you've stepped out of your class this time.

KOVAC

I'll call you, Rittenhouse. What've you got?

(CONTINUED)

206 (Cont.)

As Rittenhouse reaches to pick up his cards a sharp gust of wind sweeps them off the seat and into the sea. Rittenhouse makes a terrific lunge after the fluttering cards, almost going overboard in his effort to save them. Then he turns to Kovac, his face working.

RITTENHOUSE

That was my pot! You couldn't possibly beat me.

KOVAC

I have a full house.

RITTENHOUSE

I had four deuces.

KOVAC

How do I know you had four deuces?

RITTENHOUSE

You ought to know. You made the cards, didn't you?

(his voice grows shrill  
and ragged)

And you marked them, too! They're crooked! And you're crooked!

He suddenly lunges for Kovac's throat.

207 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The two men lurch about, struggling. Stanley runs over and tries to separate them. In the middle of this the German looks up and announces:

THE GERMAN

It's raining.

Nobody hears him and he calls out louder.

THE GERMAN

IT'S RAINING!

This time they hear and the struggle stops. All eyes go upward and fierce hope flares into them as they see it is indeed raining. Only a few isolated drops at first, the mere promise of a shower, but as they watch the promise is fulfilled with sudden and dramatic intensity. With accelerated force, the rain pours down. It galvanizes, electrifies them into aimless activity. They're like wild people, without plan, until a shout from the German canalizes their sudden unleashed energies.

(CONTINUED)

207 (Cont.)

## THE GERMAN

Get the tarpaulin!

Joe and Stanley make a grab for the tarpaulin and start spreading it. The others crawl over, each one grabbing for a section of the tarpaulin. Their hands fumble, the tarpaulin falls. They pick it up again and hold it so that it dips in the center.

The German stops rowing and rests on his oars to watch. He makes no attempt to join in the frantic, half-crazy quest for water. The drumming sound of the rain on the tarpaulin is the sweetest music they've ever heard.

208 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Panting, looks toward the group with the tarpaulin.

209 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT TARPAULIN

CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to take in the faces of the people holding onto the canvas, and catches the maniac joy in their eyes as they look at:

210 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE TARPAULIN

The glistening raindrops drum on it and we see the dry surface of the tarpaulin changing color as the rain begins to hit it. Then, as suddenly as it began, the shower stops. The canvas is barely wet through. CAMERA PANS UP from it to take in the people holding it. The joy is drained from their faces, replaced by an anguished despair.

211 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

His parched tongue comes out and licks his cracked lips. He dips the tin can overboard, fills it with sea water and drinks the water. Then his eyes go up to look at:

212 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT - THE SKY

Featuring a gorgeous cloud formation from behind which we see the sun radiantly emerging.

DISSOLVE TO:

213 EXT. SEA (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT - THE MOON

as it emerges in pale splendor from behind a cloud formation.

DISSOLVE TO:



214 EXT. SKY (TWILIGHT BEFORE DAWN) - FULL SHOT

We see the glow of the not yet risen sun beginning to faintly illumine the horizon.

215 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The German is rowing, all the others seem to be asleep. We hear Gus muttering in delirium.

GUS'S VOICE

I'm at the wheel when she hits --  
my watch is just about over -- I'm  
all set to go down for a hot cup o'  
java -

216 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

GUS'S VOICE

When she keels over the siren's  
screamin' -- like a human bein' --  
right till the end she's screamin' --

217 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

As the result of drinking the sea water he's on his last leg, figuratively as well as literally. His face is gray and gaunt, his eyes bright with fever as he tosses about.

GUS

An' oh, you should of heard the  
rain drummin' on the canvas -- the  
most beautiful sound you ever heard -  
when I looked up a couple o' drops  
fell on my lips...

He stops as if suddenly aware of something and turns in the direction of Joe.

GUS

Hey, Joe - what's the matter, why've  
you stopped playin'?

Thinly Joe's flute music comes into the SHOT and Gus grins.

218 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He is asleep in the bottom of the boat.

GUS'S VOICE

Come on, Joe - heat it up.

The flute music begins to take on an accelerated tempo.

219 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

GUS

Come on, come on, give it the Harry James.

The flute music begins to take on the jive coloration of Harry James' trumpet. As this happens CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to Gus and a look of peace settles on his face. He looks about, seeking among the sleeping figures and suddenly his expression changes and a name comes from his lips.

GUS

(sibilantly, as if he  
were awakening somebody)

Hey, Rosie!

220 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE, ASLEEP

We cannot see her face, we recognize her only by her dress.

GUS'S VOICE

Rosie!

The figure of Alice stirs and the head comes up, but it's Rosie's head. She looks just as Rosie should look but is dressed in Alice's outfit. She's yawning widely and chewing on bubble gum. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to Rosie's face as she blows the gum into a bubble. As the bubble bursts:

221 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT (ANOTHER  
ANGLE)  
Rosie changes to Alice.

ALICE

Go to sleep, Gus.

She sinks back to sleep herself.

222 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

GUS

Sleep? What for?

Now the flute music actually does become Harry James' trumpet and back of it comes a full swing band in a hot rendition of some well known swing tune.

GUS

I wanna dance -- I wanna dance  
all night.

From the idyllic expression on Gus's face we know he has left the lifeboat. He's in Roseland now, dancing with Rosie; his eyes closed, his voice low and tender.

222 (Cont.)

GUS

Gee, Rosie baby, you're an armful - an armful o' honey, that's what you are... Been a good girl, sugar? Did you miss me? Do you notice sumpin' different? I mean I... How'm I doin'? I mean I... Well, when you been away on a cruise it takes a little time to get your land legs back again, kinda, an' I thought maybe I... Say, Rosie, I'm thirsty. How about a drink?... Set 'em up, Rudy -- tall ones, plenty of ice... Here's lookin' at you, Rosie.

As he lifts the glass in a toast to Rosie.

223 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

At an ANGLE SHOOTING UP, we see him lifting Mrs. Porter's flask, about a quarter filled with water, to his lips. CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to his face so that it FILLS THE ENTIRE SCREEN as he drinks from the flask. A little of the water dribbles down the side of his mouth.

224 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

He's looking offscene toward the German, drinking. He does not react particularly, but the background music stops and Gus is now hovering on the borderline between sense and delirium. His eyes grow puzzled as if he's trying to figure out a mystery but can't. CAMERA MOVES PAST him to take in Stanley. Gus's hand nudges Stanley. He jiggles Stanley's shoulder, trying to rouse him. At first Stanley ignores this, but finally his eyes open.

STANLEY

(drowsily)

What is it, Gus?

GUS

(quite matter of fact)

Willi's got some water.

STANLEY

(like humoring a child)

Yes, Gus.

Another one of Gus's vagaries of delirium. Stanley's eyes close again. Gus has edged closer to Stanley and his mouth is against Stanley's ear. Again he shakes Stanley by the shoulder, trying to rouse him from the stupor which is more exhaustion than sleep. Stanley's eyes remain closed. Gus speaks into his ear.

GUS

I just had a tall one, with plenty of ice.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

Stanley answers automatically without opening his eyes. We get the feeling he hasn't even heard what Gus has said.

STANLEY

Sure, Gus.

GUS

But Willi only had water.

STANLEY

Sure.

GUS

I better get back to Rosie.

Stanley doesn't answer. He's asleep. Slowly, painfully, Gus starts to crawl to the edge of the boat. CAMERA MOVES BACK to take in the German, rowing. He turns his head as he hears Gus crawl over behind him, and, without pausing in his rowing, watches. Gus gets hold of the side of the boat behind where the German is rowing. With great effort he starts to get to his feet. The German watches. He makes no effort to either help or hinder Gus. Finally, holding onto the side of the boat, Gus manages to stand up. It has taken his last ounce of strength to make it and he breathes heavily.

GUS

Willi, where'd you get the water?

The German makes a warning gesture, finger to lip.

GUS

(raises his voice  
a little)

You been holdin' out on us.

THE GERMAN

Ssh...you mustn't wake up the  
others. They're tired.

GUS

How about you? Ain't you tired?

THE GERMAN

No.

GUS

Me neither. I feel fine. Except  
my right foot's asleep.

(he grins at the  
German)

I can hardly feel it.

He looks down and his smile fades. Then he looks at  
the German again.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont. 1)

GUS

Tell me, Willi - should I oughta write Rosie first an' tell her about -- about it -- or should I wait'll I see her?

THE GERMAN

Wait till you see her.

GUS

I can't walk in on her, gimpy an' all, without no warnin', can I? I gotta find some way to break it to her gentle.

THE GERMAN

It'll be all right.

GUS

Okay. So long, Willi -  
(he extends his hand)

The German takes it.

THE GERMAN

(tenderly)

Goodbye, Gus.

Gus looks at him, vainly trying to break through the fog of fever, but it's no go.

GUS

I'll never forget what you done for me, Willi. If they's anything I can ever do for you, just speak up.

THE GERMAN

There is something you can do for me. You can remember your name is Schmidt.

Gus tries to dope this out.

GUS

You like it better'n Smith?

THE GERMAN

Much better. You'd better hurry, Gus, she's waiting.

GUS

Yeah.

Again the look of accusation comes into Gus's eyes.

GUS

That water you was drinkin' --

224 (Cont. 2)

THE GERMAN  
(urgently)  
Rosie's waiting for you.

GUS  
Why didn't you share it with the  
rest of us?

He turns his head as if about to rouse the others, and the German's hand comes up to Gus's chest in a restraining gesture.

THE GERMAN  
Gus, don't wake them up.

GUS  
Okay, Willi.

His mind struggles between illusion and reality. He looks toward the others, then down at the German's hand on his chest.

THE GERMAN  
Why don't you go off to Rosie?  
She's waiting at Roseland. There -  
don't you see the lights?

As Gus turns his head to look for the lights of Roseland the German gives him a slight push and Gus goes overboard. There's no splash, just a murmurous plop as Gus's body slips into the water.

225 EXT. SEA (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Instinctively trying to swim. The shock of immersion yanks him out of his delirium and for an instant sanity comes back, and with it, terror.

GUS  
(in a strangled cry)  
Help!

226 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY

Gus's voice comes into the SHOT.

GUS'S VOICE  
Stanley!

Stanley wakes and gets up.

GUS'S VOICE  
Stanley!

Stanley gets to his knees and looks off toward:

227 EXT. SEA (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Trying to keep afloat.

GUS

Willi -- he's got --

The words are cut off by the water in his mouth, as he sinks below the surface of the sea.

228 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's a stirring among the bodies stretched out on the boat, awakened by the cries of the drowning man. The German rests on his oars as the others get to their feet.

RITTENHOUSE

(frightened)

Willi, what is it? What happened?

THE GERMAN

Schmidt went over the side.

STANLEY

He was calling my name. That's what woke me.

THE GERMAN

You can't imagine how painful it was to me all night long to watch him, turning about and suffering, and nothing I could do for him.

KOVAC

Why didn't you stop rowing?

THE GERMAN

Why should I?

STANLEY

To help him.

THE GERMAN

The best way to help him was to let him go.

There is silence. They stare at him. Once again we get the feeling of isolation for the German. Suddenly he is no longer part of a group, but an individual alone, aloof, almost of a different species from the rest. He continues affably, like a school master explaining something to a group of not very bright pupils.

THE GERMAN

I had no right to stop him, even if I wanted to. A poor cripple, dying of hunger and thirst - what good would life be to a man like that?

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

He grows uneasy at the way the others are looking at him.  
Their silence is far more damning than words.

STANLEY

Gus was trying to tell me something.  
If I could only remember --

THE GERMAN

He's better off now, out of his  
trouble.

STANLEY

It was something about water.

Suddenly Mrs. Porter and Kovac, by some telepathic current between them, get the same notion and look at each other. A hunted look creeps into the German's eyes as he watches them.

ALICE

He was in agony from thirst. I  
wanted to cry, but the tears  
wouldn't come.

MRS. PORTER

No, how could they?  
(to the German,  
quite casually)  
If I remember rightly, tears are  
water with a trace of sodium chloride.

229 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

His forehead is covered with beads of sweat.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Isn't that so, Willi?

THE GERMAN

Ja.

230 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

KOVAC

What about sweat?

Instinctively the German lifts his hand and with the  
back of it wipes the sweat off his brow.

KOVAC

What's the chemical composition of  
sweat?

MRS. PORTER

Water, with a trace of something  
or other.

(CONTINUED)



230 (Cont.)

STANLEY

Now I remember --

He pauses.

231 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE GROUP SHOT

Featuring Stanley, and taking in Alice, Mrs. Porter, Kovac and Rittenhouse as, for a moment, they take their eyes off the German to look at Stanley.

STANLEY

Gus said that Willi had some water.

JOE'S VOICE

Yes, sir!

They all react sharply to:

232 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Next to him Joe is holding up Mrs. Porter's flask, with an inch or so of water in it. Obviously he has just purloined it from the German.

JOE

Right under his shirt --

The German reaches up and grabs Joe's wrist. They struggle. The flask falls and breaks.

233 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The others look down with mute anguish at the broken flask, with its precious fluid wasted, and then, slowly, they turn their gaze at the German, with a silent, overwhelming hostility. The German shows no sign of either fear or guilt.

THE GERMAN

Quite so.

Still they stare, wordless, as if the strangling hate in their hearts has stricken them dumb.

THE GERMAN

I took the precaution of filling the flask from the water breaker before the storm -- just in case of emergency.

There's a striking contrast between the quiet, reasonable talk, and the aura of hatred that hovers about the group like something visible and palpable.

The German continues in a calm rational manner.

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

## THE GERMAN

And I had food tablets and energy pills, too. Everybody on a U-boat has them. You should be grateful I had the foresight to think of such things. To survive one must have a plan.

234 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE PAN SHOT - THE FACES OF THE OTHERS

Their eyes fixed upon the German as upon a loathsome reptile, creeping up on them.

## THE GERMAN'S VOICE

There's nothing to worry about -- soon we'll reach the supply ship -- and then we'll all have food and water. It's too bad Schmidt couldn't have waited.

CAMERA now is on Alice's face and we can hardly recognize it for the hate which has transfigured it. Strangely enough it is Alice who, with an animal cry, is the first to hurl herself at the German.

235 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Alice's attack is like a trigger that releases in them -- men and women alike -- the same uncontrollable desire to kill. Now they all leap at the German.

236 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Aloof, motionless -- the only one who doesn't take part in the attack on the German. Into the SHOT, hurled backward by a blow on the face by the German, staggers Alice, right into Joe's arms. There is blood trickling from her mouth. He holds onto her, trying to prevent her from going back to attack on the German.

## JOE

Please don't -- please -- Miss Alice --

She wrenches herself free and hurls herself forward again.

237 -

242 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The ferocity of the attack is intensified by the complete silence under which it takes place. The German is like a bear, ambushed by a pack of wolves. The two women, if anything, are more unbridled and primitive in their attack than the men. Alice, who knew nothing of war, and whose business was only to mend, now finds out about war

(CONTINUED)

237 - (Cont.)

242

and thinks only of how to destroy. Mrs. Porter's brittle sophistication has cracked in her lust to kill. The bear is strong, the wolves are famished and weak, but they are five to one, and their hatred lends them strength. They fight with fist, tooth and nail, hitting, kicking, biting, clawing. They are lost in their orgasm of murder. The boat rolls and pitches with the struggle, threatens to capsize, but none of them notice this or care about it. They have only one instinct - to kill.

243 -

246 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

INTERCUT with the ACTION SHOTS -- of Joe, as he watches, his expression a compound of terror and compassion.

247

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The sun is beginning to rise now, dawn is coming. The job of executing the German is done clumsily. His face is bruised and bleeding from the clawing nails of the women. Overcome by the sheer weight of attack, he momentarily grabs hold of the edge of a seat for support. Mrs. Porter kicks at his hands until they let go. The boots of the men crash into the face of the German when he's down. You get the feeling it's a snake or some poisonous toad that's being killed, rather than a man. And in the end, it's the uptilting of the craft, by the weight of the struggle on one side of the boat, that sends the German overboard. The German grabs for the side of the boat. Kovac and Stanley kick at his hands and they let go. Rittenhouse has bent down and picked up the discarded shoe from Gus's amputated leg. As the German makes another clutch at the side of the boat, Rittenhouse using the shoe as a cudgel, with the fury of a maniac, beats with it at the German's face until he lets go.

And now the German, like Gus, utters a shout of some sort, but the water in his mouth, as he sinks, drowns out the sound of it. Could it have been "Heil Hitler!?"

248

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

By now the new day has dawned. Panting and exhausted, their blood lust sated, they sit in the boat and look at each other.

JOE

There's only five of you, but you're  
a mob.

(reproachfully to Alice)

And you're the ringleader.

Alice stands, ashamed and miserable. Stanley comes to her side. Instinctively she seeks the refuge of his arms. As he puts them protectingly around her shoulders:

249 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The survivors of the lifeboat are seated about in a dejected group. We get the feeling they have acknowledged final defeat. Rittenhouse's cigar is down to its last ragged half inch.

RITTENHOUSE

To my dying day I'll never understand Willi and what he did. He tried to kill us all with his torpedoes but we pulled him out of the sea anyway and took him aboard and shared everything with him, and all he could do was to plot against us. What do you do with people like that?

Nobody has an answer for him. He then offers a brilliant suggestion.

RITTENHOUSE

Maybe somebody ought to try to row.

Nobody stirs. Rittenhouse answers the question in his own and everybody else's mind.

RITTENHOUSE

Where to?

Silence. He takes the cigar stub out of his mouth and looks at it speculatively.

RITTENHOUSE

What for?

He throws the cigar stub into the sea -- a gesture of unconditional surrender.

RITTENHOUSE

When we killed the German we killed our motor.

JOE

No, sir, we still got a motor.

RITTENHOUSE

Who?

Joe looks up; that's his only answer.

RITTENHOUSE

(shakes his head)

Nah! We're through.

250 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY  
AND ALICE

They're seated together, a little removed from the rest.  
Alice looks at Stanley as if to say: "Do you agree with  
him?" Stanley nods.

STANLEY

As a matter of fact, we'll probably  
never get out of this.

ALICE

That's what I think.

STANLEY

Are you afraid?

Alice considers this a minute before answering.

ALICE

I don't think so.

STANLEY

You know, if we had, I was going to  
ask you to marry me. What do you  
think you'd have said?

ALICE

I think I would have said yes.

STANLEY

Well, then, whatever happens, I'd  
like you to marry me.

ALICE

Stan, that's silly. When people get  
married it's to share the rest of  
their lives together.

STANLEY

That's right.

ALICE

You still think we may be rescued?

STANLEY

No. We're for it all right. But,  
then, when you come to think of it,  
so is everybody else on earth even-  
tually. Funny, isn't it? A life-  
time seems just like a few hours,  
when you come to the end. And a  
few hours can be a whole lifetime,  
if you --

(urgently)

Will you? I mean here -- now --

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

ALICE

But Stan, how can we --

STANLEY

Why can't we say the words ourselves?

ALICE

There's no reason, I guess.

They're discussing the matter as if there were nobody else on the boat. To them, at the moment, it's so. He refreshes his memory of the marriage ceremony by mumbling the words to himself.

STANLEY

(mumbling, barely  
audible)

Take lawful wedded wife...better,  
worse, richer, poorer...

(louder, to

Alice)

all you have to say is...I take you,  
Stanley -

(he reaches for  
her hand)

Alice...

(his voice trembles  
as he continues)

I take you, Alice, for my lawful  
wedded wife.

ALICE

I take you, Stanley -

STANLEY

For better or for worse, for richer  
or poorer, in sickness and in health -  
till -

He can't bring himself to say it. Mrs. Porter says it  
for him.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

(sardonic)

Till death do you part?

As they look up:

251 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

MRS. PORTER

Congratulations! Well, that's settled!

She looks at the beaten figures of Kovac, Rittenhouse  
and Joe.

MRS. PORTER

And what, now, little men?

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.)

Their heads come up slowly, dispiritedly.

RITTENHOUSE

I've been a widower for eighteen years. I have no children. All I will leave are a great many millions of dollars. I hope they'll do some good.

MRS. PORTER

So we're all going to fold up and die just because that ersatz superman is gone.

RITTENHOUSE

My only regret is, that in the end, I joined a mob.

MRS. PORTER

Baloney! We weren't a mob when we killed him.

(with fine scorn)

We were a mob when we sat around, kowtowing to him, obeying him, practically heiling him, because he was kind enough and strong enough to take us to a concentration camp!

She gets to her feet, her eyes flashing, and fixes her gaze on Alice and Stanley.

MRS. PORTER

You two -- Mr. and Mrs. -- you're married now, in the presence of witnesses. And how are you going to start life together? By dying?

(her eyes wander over to the others)

Good grief, look at you!

Rittenhouse cowers before her scornful gaze.

MRS. PORTER

Rittenhouse -- C.J. Rittenhouse -- self-made man! Made of what?

For an instant it looks as if she might tell him in a four letter word, but she spares him that.

MRS. PORTER

As long as you're sitting there thinking of your last will and testament. I'll write your epitaph for you now -- "Ritt, Ritt: the man who quit"

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.1)

MRS. PORTER (Cont.)

(she turns her taunting  
wrath on Kovac)And that goes for you, too, Narcissus!  
There's room on your chest for another  
letter -- Q for quitter!

(to Joe)

And you, Joe, it's all right for you  
to look up and trust in somebody --  
but how about giving Him a hand?

252 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - CLOSEUP - MRS. PORTER

MRS. PORTER

What's the matter with us? We not  
only let the Nazi do our rowing for  
us, but our thinking! Ye Gods and  
little fishes!(she stops and  
repeats)

Fishes! Ye Gods!

253 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

MRS. PORTER

We haven't got energy pills, but  
the sea's full of them -- millions  
of fish swimming around! Why don't  
we catch some?

RITTENHOUSE

We tried it. We have no bait.

Mrs. Porter hesitates, then looks at her hand with the  
diamond bracelet.

MRS. PORTER

Sure we have!

She rips the bracelet off and holds it aloft.

MRS. PORTER

Bait, by Cartier!

They stare at her dumbfounded.

KOVAC

Are you kidding?

MRS. PORTER

Kidding, my foot -- I'm starving!  
Well, what're you standing around  
for? Where's the fish line?

(CONTINUED)



253 (Cont.)

They all look around. Kovac spots Joe's line and bends to pick it up. Mrs. Porter thrusts the bracelet into his hand.

MRS. PORTER

(gaily)

Bait your line, chum!

Kovac starts to fix the bracelet to the end of the line. The whole atmosphere in the boat has changed magically. The mere promise of food has lifted their spirits extravagantly. They crowd about Kovac, all jabbering at once.

RITTENHOUSE: Not only food, but oil!  
We can squeeze the fish  
for the oil! It's better  
than water.

MRS. PORTER: I can recommend the bait.  
I should know - I bit on  
it myself.

ALICE: I've never eaten raw  
fish before.

STANLEY: Oh, I have many times --  
it's good.

RITTENHOUSE: Better not count our  
chickens before they're  
hatched.

KOVAC: What do you mean, chickens?

254 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSEUP - JOE

During this, Joe has sat by himself, detached, and taking no part in the activity. He keeps looking out to where the German drowned, his face mournful, his eyes infinitely sad. Part of the foregoing chatter comes over the SHOT.

255 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Kovac holds the end of the line aloft for inspection. The diamond bracelet turns and sparkles.

RITTENHOUSE

Wow! Show me the poor fish that  
won't bite on that!

Kovac turns and casts the line into the sea. On his knees, he holds onto the line as the others crouch about him; their faces intent, prayerful -- their mouths open with excitement and hope -- all except Joe, who sits by himself, staring out to sea.

## 256 UNDERWATER SHOT - THE BRACELET

As it sinks slowly below the surface of the sea.

## 257 CLOSE SHOT - THE FISHING LINE

A tugging at the line indicates the bait from Cartier's has attracted the attention of a fish.

## 258 INDIVIDUAL CLOSEUPS -

to

262 Rittenhouse, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Alice, Stanley. These are INTERCUT with:

## 263 UNDERWATER SHOTS

to

268 A large fish is following the diamond bait. Each succeeding SHOT builds up the feeling that the fish is about to strike. This fact is reflected in the reactions of the INDIVIDUAL CLOSEUPS above.

## 269 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They know their lives depend on the caprice of the fish following the sparkling bait, and their expressions graphically reflect this knowledge. Not a word from any of them.

## 270 EXT. SEA (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - FISH LINE

Suddenly there's a powerful tug on the line. Over the SHOT, with all the power of five pairs of lungs, comes the sort of sound (in miniscule) that you hear in a football stadium when a long forward pass is completed, or in the ring when a fighter goes down from an upper-cut.

## 271 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's something animal, almost obscene in the expressions of the group around Kovac, who is tugging on the line that has suddenly become taut in his hands. It may be the line between life and death, and they all know it. We see the fish struggling fiercely as Kovac tugs at the line. The fish gets nearer and nearer to the lifeboat. Then Joe interrupts the tense silence by an announcement which he makes without any particular emotion.

JOE

There's a ship.

The matter-of-fact announcement wrenches the others momentarily from their preoccupation with the fish. They all look out to sea. Apparently it is no mirage.

272 EXT. SEA (SUNRISE) - LONG SHOT

On the horizon the ball of sun is just coming up, and sharply silhouetted against it is a ship.

273 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

KOVAC

Gangway!

The fish line slips from his grasp as he leaps to action, grabbing an oar. In doing so, he bumps against Mrs. Porter and, as once before, early in their meeting, he knocks her over.

274 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

- picking herself up.

MRS. PORTER

Why, you --

Suddenly she sees something which causes her to burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

275 INSERT: THE FISH LINE

- rapidly disappearing over the side of the boat in the wake of the escaping fish.

276 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Mrs. Porter's immoderate laughter continues as the rest of them -- Rittenhouse, Joe, Alice and Stanley rush to help Kovac with the oar. Their combined strength, the energy borrowed from a last flicker of hope, sends the boat ahead toward the ship on the horizon.

277 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP -  
MRS. PORTER

Screaming with laughter, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

896

278 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They are all lined up on one side of the boat. CAMERA is close enough so that we can see the bleak emptiness in their eyes as they look off to:

279 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The plate shows a nearer view of the supply ship approaching.

280 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The four men and two women are so spent and exhausted that they haven't even got enough vitality to react to the implications of the approaching supply ship, and their talk is toneless and expressionless.

RITTENHOUSE

It's the supply ship, all right.

KOVAC

(but without emotion)

Yes, she's flying the good old Nazi doublecross.

STANLEY

Well, Willi's got the last word, at that.

JOE

They're lowering a boat.

Mrs. Porter speaks with a lightness obviously contrived.

MRS. PORTER

Well, some of my best friends are in concentration camps.

(to Stanley  
and Alice)

Perhaps if you tell them you are just married they'll send you to the same camp.

As they stare out to sea:

281 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship has launched a small boat which is pulling away from the ship and approaching in the direction of the lifeboat.

282 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Only Rittenhouse seems to be recovering his spirits and getting a grip on himself.

(CONTINUED)

282 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

(lecherously)

Do you suppose the ship'll have any  
coffee -- real coffee?

A distant shout comes into the scene and they strain  
forward to listen.

283 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE ANGLE - REVERSE SHOT  
(SERSEN B.G.)

The Sersen plate shows the supply ship in the background  
and the approaching small boat coming nearer. The men in  
it are now visible. One of them is standing up and  
shouting something in German.

284 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Rittenhouse eagerly clutches Mrs. Porter's arm.

RITTENHOUSE

What did he say?

MRS. PORTER

He says, yes, they've got coffee --  
and Wienerschnitzel and pigs' knuckles  
-- and sauer kraut -- and apple streudel  
-- hot.

A joyous look comes into Rittenhouse's face, followed by  
a delayed taken.

STANLEY

Look -- they're signalling --

285 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The blinker of the supply ship is signalling. A figure  
in the small boat sees the blinker, nudges the man  
standing up and he turns. We see the small boat stop its  
progress toward the lifeboat and start to turn.

286 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Puzzled at the strange maneuvering of the small boat.

RITTENHOUSE

What's happening? Why are they  
turning around?

MRS. PORTER

Maybe they forgot the cream for the  
coffee.

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont.)

STANLEY  
(unbelievably)  
They're not going to pick us up.

RITTENHOUSE  
(agitated)  
That's impossible! They can't leave  
us here like this! Why - why - it's  
inhuman!

287 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The small boat has now turned around completely and is  
rowing back toward the supply ship.

288 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE  
(with rising  
indignation)  
In fact, it's a violation of inter-  
national law.  
(angrily)  
What're you going to do, Kovac?

KOVAC  
Sue them.

289 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The small boat is nearing the supply ship. Suddenly  
there's a flash of light on the far horizon behind it --  
almost like a flash of lightning.

290 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's the sound of a distant boom. There's sufficient  
time between the flash and the sound of explosion to in-  
dicate the distance of the origin of sound.

RITTENHOUSE  
What's happening? Who are they shoot-  
ing at?

MRS. PORTER  
Whom are they shooting at?

291 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The small boat is quite near the mother ship now. Sud-  
denly a huge geyser of water comes up between the small  
boat and the supply ship.

292 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP  
(SERSEN B.G.)

They strain forward, watching.

RITTENHOUSE

What's that?

As if in answer, another shell hits the water, each time closer to the lifeboat.

RITTENHOUSE

(aghast).

Do you know, I think we're being shelled by our own ship!

(angrily)

They're shooting at us! What's the matter with them? Can't they see us? Why don't we signal our position?

KOVAC

With what?

Rittenhouse's anger obliterates his fright.

RITTENHOUSE

But our own ship -- it's fantastic -- what're you going to do?

KOVAC

(irritatedly)

Take it up with the State Department.

293 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

Another flash on the horizon and the same effect of light and delayed boom, followed by the huge splash of the exploding shell. This time the shell hits closer to the supply ship.

294 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Another shell hits behind the lifeboat. Mrs. Porter speaks. Her words are dry but her voice is shaky.

MRS. PORTER

I think it would be a good idea to get out of here.

Her words break the spell which has enveloped them all, and there's another mad rush for the oar -- Stanley, Alice, Joe and Mrs. Porter scrambling after Kovac.

295 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The small boat is now frantically rowing away from the supply ship. Suddenly the guns of the supply ship begin to fire toward the horizon.

296 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

The five at the oar strain with superhuman effort to pull away.

RITTENHOUSE

Where are we going?

297 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship starts forward at top speed, her guns blazing at the right. The small boat is also rowing forward.

298 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE

What's the best place to go?

299 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

A shell falls right beside the small boat. It's lifted clean into the air and tosses its occupants into the water.

300 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The disaster to the small boat causes the people at the oar to stop their frenzied rowing. As they stare seaward:

301 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

There is nothing left of the small boat but splintered wreckage floating on the sea. The supply ship, guns still blazing, is coming toward the lifeboat at increasing speed.

302 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The people at the oar realize that the supply ship is bearing down on them in a direct collision course, and they resume rowing even more violently than before to get out of the path of the oncoming supply ship.

303 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship is bearing down on them at full speed. The firing in the distance continues, followed by the same pauses before the shell explosions. Geysers of water come up all around the onrushing supply ship.

304 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT (SERSEN B.G.)

The people at the oar pull with all their strength, their eyes fixed on the oncoming vessel. Their superhuman effort is just sufficient to move the lifeboat away from the path of the ship.



305 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT (SERSEN B.G.)

As the huge bulk of the ship grinds by, the people at the oar fling themselves to the bottom of the boat in full expectation that this is their finish. Kovac has one arm around Mrs. Porter, the other around Joe. Stanley's arm is around Alice. In this moment Rittenhouse crouches alone. Alice sees this and her arm goes around Rittenhouse's shoulder. They are like little children, acting instinctively and without inhibitions, as they crouch in the bottom of the boat.

306 EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT (SERSEN)

The people in the lifeboat are tossed about as the lifeboat is bumped by the side of the supply ship going by.

307 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The boat is tossed about in the wake of the retreating vessel. The people in the lifeboat hardly dare to look up. When they do:

MRS. PORTER

(a little cross-eyed)

In a word - Now!

Kovac's eyes go upward in an involuntary gesture of gratitude for divine help. He does not say it, but he's thinking "Thank God!" He notices that next to him Joe has made the same gesture. Kovac grins sheepishly.

JOE

That wasn't really picking a pocket that time -- was it?

KOVAC

NOHI

Then the attention of the rest of them is directed to Rittenhouse. As the others get to their feet he remains on his knees at the bottom of the boat. We see that his eyes are shut tight. He already considers himself as good as dead.

JOE

Relax, Mr. Rittenhouse.

Rittenhouse opens his eyes and a look of swooning relief comes into his face as he sees:

308 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)

In the background we see the whirling propellers of the supply ship which has just passed by.

309 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)

The people in the lifeboat start getting up to stare at the stern of the supply ship now pulling away from the lifeboat, the propeller still showing.

310 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)

The ANGLE now shows their faces. In the background there is just a touch of the supply ship pulling away. In the expressions on their faces we show their realization of the narrow margin by which they have just escaped death. A shell explodes in the water behind them, and acting on pure reflex, they fling themselves into the bottom of the lifeboat.

311 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)

They are all crouching in the lifeboat now as a second shell strikes behind them.

312 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)  
ANOTHER ANGLE

The geyser of water produced by the exploding shell descends on the lifeboat and almost obliterates them. There's a terrific explosion, followed by a rain of small debris into the lifeboat. On the faces of the figures, as they look up, a great bright light is reflected, as though it were the setting sun. Kovac raises himself slightly and looks off as:

313 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

Shells have hit the supply ship and it has already begun to sink, going down rapidly.

314 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

One by one the group raise their heads. They are too awed by the sight to speak. They just look. The glare on their faces begins to die down.

315 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship is just disappearing beneath the surface of the sea, the water finally extinguishing the roaring fire. Debris floats around, but by now the light is really going and after the glare has gone, everything looks dim and unreal.

316 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The six in the lifeboat stand awed, frozen. Wordless, they react to:

317 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

Away off in the distance, a mere speck against the horizon, a warship has appeared. ---

318 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They look, six sinners, forgiven, and getting their first glimpse of heaven.

KOVAC

She ought to pick us up in about twenty minutes.

Rittenhouse visibly expands.

RITTENHOUSE

(in his old manner)

Well, folks, we're in business again.  
We --

He catches himself with a wry gesture of deprecation and subsides, muttering ruefully.

RITTENHOUSE

There I go again.

Suddenly and unaccountably Mrs. Porter turns and seeks refuge for her sobbing against Alice's breast. The others stare, stupefied. Mrs. Porter's tears are as great a miracle as their imminent rescue. Kovac looks out to sea, toward the approaching warship. The others turn away, embarrassed.

JOE

I only hope Mrs. Spencer hasn't been worrying too much.

STANLEY

Who's Mrs. Spencer?

JOE

My wife.

RITTENHOUSE

George, you're married?

JOE

Yes, sir. Those things happen to everybody.

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.)

He digs into his pocket for a wallet, opens it and hands it to Rittenhouse who looks at it, as Mrs. Porter gets control of herself and lets go of Alice, prey to a fresh panic.

MRS. PORTER

Twenty minutes! Good heavens!  
My hair -- my nails -- I must  
look a fright!

Out from somewhere comes her powder puff, her fragment of lipstick and the little mirror. She starts to use the lipstick, then remembers her manners and offers the lipstick to Alice.

MRS. PORTER

Here, darling --

ALICE

No, darling, you first.

MRS. PORTER

(as she starts doing  
her lips)

Y-see, one of my best friends is in  
the navy.

Stanley has come up to Alice. She smiles and a strange look comes into her face.

ALICE

Stanley -- do you realize I don't even  
know your last name?

STANLEY

You mean your last name.

(fondly)

Mrs. Garrett.

ALICE

How do you spell it?

STANLEY

G-A-double R-E-double T.

ALICE

(making sure she will  
remember it forever,  
murmurs)

Garrett.

During this Rittenhouse is gazing admiringly at something on the inside of Joe's wallet.

RITTENHOUSE

Nice! Mighty nice!

319 INSERT: PICTURE OF JOE'S FAMILY

- in a cellophane section of the wallet. The group consists of Joe's wife, a good-looking woman, and their two children, a girl of about twelve, and a boy sixteen.

JOE'S VOICE

The boy goes to high school.

320 BACK TO SHOT

RITTENHOUSE

What's his name?

JOE

George.

RITTENHOUSE

(nods approvingly)

Oh.

JOE

George Washington Spencer.

Mrs. Porter comes up behind Kovac.

MRS. PORTER

Am I presentable, darling?

Kovac turns. Mrs. Porter shapes her freshly rouged mouth and lifts her face.

MRS. PORTER

How do I look?

Hands on hips, Kovac looks her over with approving appraisal. He nods, a speculative look in his eyes.

KOVAC

A million.

RITTENHOUSE

(to Joe, warmly)

A lovely family, George.

He sees Kovac and suddenly remembers something.

RITTENHOUSE

(dramatically pointing  
at Kovac)

Eighteen grand.

(comes over and puts  
both hands on Kovac's  
shoulders)

Kovac, I owe you eighteen grand!

KOVAC

Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

320 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE

No, sir -- C. J. Rittenhouse never forgets.

MRS. PORTER

And he'll find a way to take it off his income tax.

RITTENHOUSE

Yows'r!

Playfully he socks Kovac in the midriff.

KOVAC

Well --

MRS. PORTER

And don't forget you owe me a bracelet!

KOVAC

Yows'm!

MRS. PORTER

And a typewriter!

KOVAC

Sure!

MRS. PORTER

And a camera!

KOVAC

You bet!

MRS. PORTER

And a --

She breaks off suddenly with a startled expression. They stare at her, then follow her popeyed gaze to:

321 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT AT SIDE

A couple of hands are clutching at the side of the lifeboat.

322 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Joe is the first to reach the half-drowned sailor from the shelled small boat, who has reached and grabbed hold of the side of the lifeboat. Kovac and Stanley help Joe haul the man into the boat. Even their strength is not enough and the two women have to lend a hand before they can hoist the body of the German sailor into the lifeboat. As they do this CAMERA COMES UP CLOSE to him and we see he's very young --- doesn't seem to be over seventeen.

(CONTINUED)

322 (Cont.)

THE GERMAN SAILOR

(gasps)

Danke schoen.

They look at each other speechless. Alice bends over the German sailor.

ALICE

He's hurt -- his arm -- let's get his coat off.

Mrs. Porter and Joe help Alice to get the boy's coat off.

523 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - THREE SHOT - KOVAC, STANLEY, RITTENHOUSE

Kovac and Stanley look at each other and their gesture indicates: "Well, this is the last straw!" Rittenhouse, observing their reaction, visibly inflates with anger.

RITTENHOUSE

Hey -- wait a minute -

524 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE  
SHOOTING TOWARD Rittenhouse as the two women turn.

RITTENHOUSE

Have you forgotten about Willi, already?

They look at him astonished.

MRS. PORTER

But, Ritt, this is different. The lad's wounded.

Rittenhouse's placid businessman's face is a mask of fury.

RITTENHOUSE

Throw him back!

MRS. PORTER

(indignantly)

But he's utterly helpless -- only a baby -

(CONTINUED)

896

324 (Cont.)

Rittenhouse suddenly makes a panicky step back. As the two women turn to look behind them:

325 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN SAILOR

Ratlike panic in his eyes, he's pointing a gun at them.

326 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They are so stunned they seem not to be aware of the menace of the gun in the German boy's shaking hand. Their reaction is more astonishment than fright.

KOVAC

The baby has a toy.

JOE

(scowling)

Should've frisked him.

RITTENHOUSE

You see? You can't treat them like human beings. You've got to exterminate them. Or else --

Mrs. Porter suddenly spits out a word and her voice is that of a Prussian sergeant.

MRS. PORTER

Achtung!  
(Attention!)

For a split second the boy, acting on purely German reflex, wavers; just long enough for Joe's hand to shoot out and grab the wrist that holds the gun. Joe twists the wrist and the gun falls at Mrs. Porter's feet. She picks it up as Rittenhouse starts toward the German boy, his intent obviously homicidal. Kovac grabs him and holds him back.

KOVAC

Easy, Ritt, he'll be taken care of.

The German boy has been looking up at them and now he speaks:

THE GERMAN SAILOR

Werden Sie mich nicht umbringen?  
(Aren't you going to kill me?)

(CONTINUED)



326 (Cont.)

MRS. PORTER

He says: "Aren't you going to kill me?"

She looks at the gun in her hand and throws it overboard. Then she looks again at the terrified, cowering figure of the German boy and her voice is deeply compassionate.

MRS. PORTER

Poor devil.

Already Alice has started to roll up the boy's sleeve to examine the wounded arm.

ALICE

I'll have to tie this up till the ship's doctor takes care of it.

(she turns)

A belt, somebody.

Shame-facedly Rittenhouse takes off his belt and hands it to Alice who goes to work fixing up the injured arm, assisted by Joe. Mrs. Porter stands at the side of the boat. And nearby, Kovac, Stanley and Rittenhouse, watching. All their enmity for the German they killed is changed into almost excessive consideration and concern for the German who has just tried to kill them. Under his breath Kovac repeats:

KOVAC

(mumbling)

"Aren't you going to kill me?"

(to Stanley)

What're you going to do with people like this?

STANLEY

I don't know... I was thinking of Mrs. Rigley... and her baby... and Gus -

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER

Maybe they could answer that.

She looks into the flotsam-strewn water. CAMERA DRAWS BACK AND TILTS DOWN to pick up, as in the beginning, various items of wreckage from the blown-up German supply ship: A German sailor's hat with the name of the supply ship on it, a torn copy of a German newspaper, some empty oil drums, a couple of beer bottles with a German label on them, etc. And finally the ship's flag, floating among the debris. CAMERA COMES CLOSE to the Swastika and HOLDS on it as it begins to sink below the surface of the sea. As it sinks, the Swastika shimmers, becomes fainter, and is finally obliterated, as we

FADE OUT

F I N I S